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The Week

IT is a misfortune that Americans who do not read the Hearst press were deprived of the opportunitiy of benefitting by the drastic criticism which Mr. Lloyd George has directed against the French military coercion of Germany. He used extraordinarily plain and severe words for a man who a few months ago was Prime Minister of Great Britain. He described France as jumping once more on the prostrate form of Germany and of sickening the hearts of multitudes of her former friends. "Germany," he says, "having been disarmed after a prodigious effort involving a strain upon the combined strength of America, Italy and the whole British Empire as well as France, [What about Russia?] the process of dancing on her while she is down can at any time now be performed with impunity by any one of these Powers alone." That is the spectacle which is now taking place with the approval or at least the benevolent neutrality of the governments of France's allies in the war. There is no way of stopping her and no effective disposition to call her off. In fact, considering the proportions of the French offence against human decency and right, there is an extraordinary lack both of simple, honest, spontaneous, explosive indignation and of intelligent understanding of the damage which the French will do to Europe. Mr. Lloyd George is not exaggerating in asserting that "when French troops marched on Essen they began a movement the most far-reaching and probably the most sinister in its consequences that has been witnessed for many centuries in Europe."

THE political opponents of Mr. Lloyd George in Great Britain are denouncing him violently for his drastic language, and in one respect with some justice. Considering the extent of his personal responsibility for the Treaty of Peace which at once disarmed Germany, equipped her enemies with every legal pretext to dance on her face, and left her bereft of any court of appeal, he scarcely comes to this particular business with clean hands. But it is Mr. Lloyd George's disposition to be immediately effective rather than consistent, and effective he is at a time when it is most desirable for someone who can start public opinion moving to tell the truth about what is happening. For months many of the moral leaders of Europe and America and a few of the politicians have wailed in public about the awful consequences which will overtake civilization unless something is done to stop war and violence, while at the same time carefully refraining from pointing their fingers at the obvious and impenitent offender. Mr. Lloyd George has pointed his finger at France, and by doing it he has in effect asked the people who are so alarmed about civilization in the abstract what they are going to do about it. Now that he has shown the way, perhaps one or two members of the Christian clergy will follow his lead.

ACCORDING to recent cables the German government intends to submit to the other signatories of the Treaty of Versailles a claim to be indemnified for losses suffered as a consequence of the French invasion. If the Germans act in this way their action will only be propaganda. They have no legal claim for indemnification under the Treaty. But their propaganda would derive a sting from an underlying moral truth. If there existed an

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international court of equity, the German government could put up an impregnable case for damages and an injunction. There is no conceivable rule of national justice which can sanction one nation in injuring another for a failure, voluntary or involuntary, to perform impossibilities. Inasmuch as no international court of equity exists, Germany will not be indemnified in money. Her compensation is that France has by her present behavior extinguished her moral claim for an indemnity in money. France had her choice of collecting damages from a restored Germany in goods and services or collecting them from a ruined Germany in suffering, in devastation and in human life. She preferred the second kind of satisfaction. She will get it in abundant measure. But it is a costly way of collecting a debt, and sooner or later for every unit of suffering now being inflicted on German sensibilities, a similar unit of suffering will under the law of compensation be inflicted on the sensibilities of Frenchmen.

OFFICIAL French communiqués report consistently that the Ruhr invasion is working out precisely according to plan. That is, however, what military communiqués always report. Anybody who takes them seriously is exposed to a succession of ghastly surprises. Whatever the French had planned on, the Ruhr situation is going from bad to worse, if the news dispatches have any meaning. The coal magnates refuse to deliver coal against the orders of the German government. They are to be court martialed. Whatever penalties are inflicted, the problem of getting the miners to dig coal remains. We shall next hear that the miners are to be starved into submission. The coal already out of the ground is ordered rerouted to French destinations. The rail workers refuse to move it. For the present the French are content with keeping it out of Germany, but they have to get it moved sooner or later or lose face. The banks close down and the French propose to issue a new Rhineland currency. There another series of coercions will begin. The French are now talking of ousting Cuno and putting in a more pliant Chancellor. They may. The next problem will be to make pliancy binding on a people who have nothing to lose that the French have not already taken.

REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT evidently wishes to be tried for heresy. He threw down a challenge to the Bishop of his diocese, which that ecclesiastic could not ignore no matter how much he might wish to ignore it. So the Rev. Mr. Grant will obtain his wish, and no doubt the trial will become the most notorious in the history of the Anglican church. It is very much to be hoped, however, that reformist Episcopalians will not allow the important challenge which Dr. Grant has issued and Bishop Manning has accepted to have as its only issue a necessarily unsatisfactory trial for heresy, ending probably in a conviction. They should seize the occasion to publish a common formulation of the alterations which in their opinion ought to be made in the wording of the creed of their church. Mr. Grant is justified in raising the standard of reform. Bishop Manning is justified in insisting that, if Episcopalianism is to have a recognized meaning and is to remain a specific religious fellowship, there must be some limits to the amount of freedom of opinion which an individual can enjoy without ceasing to be an Episcopalian. It is not merely a contest between freedom and authority, as Mr. Grant asserts. It is a contest also between those who believe that Christianity can redeem human life without possessing in the minds of Christians any common meaning and those who believe that it cannot. The real difficulty is the lack of adjustment between the Christian creeds and the achievements of scientific naturalism. The Christian religion will never recover its authority until the Christian leaders cure this maladjustment and enable Christianity once again to mean for the great majority of Christians something in particular.

THE Coal Commission has reached the conclusion that the most serious problem in connection with the coal industry is irregularity of employment. It is impossible to pay living wages on a basis of employment averaging less than two thirds of the working days of the year, and in many cases, running as low as one third. So long as this condition obtains there cannot be peace and prosperity for the industry, nor can there be reasonable prices and a reliable supply for the consumer. The practical question is how to find a way out of this difficulty. It may be attacked either from the side of the consumer or from that of the producer. If consumers could be induced to regularize demand by laying in stocks in slack seasons, the better mines would operate continuously at full time and the other mines would close down for want of a market. We should have fewer mines and miners, better profits and wages, and cheaper coal. The same end would be reached if the industry were required to maintain its working personnel throughout the year, either by wages or by unemployment benefits not far inferior to wages. By placing the major part of the unemployment burden on the individual mine, it would be possible to force the closing of mines not efficient enough to operate throughout the year. The consumer would then be compelled to regularize his demand, or go without coal when he needed it.

THE acquittal of the defendants charged with the Herrin murders offers further proof of the ineffectiveness of our scheme for administering justice where mass action turns to crime. Brutal murders were committed at Herrin; this no one

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has ever doubted. They have been excused on the ground that the situation was essentially one of war. American law can give no weight to such an excuse. Efficiently administered, the law would ferret out and punish murderers, whether they were actuated by private motives or by the passions of the mob. Where the law broke down in the Herrin cases appears to have been in the assembling of evidence. The proof that the defendants on trial actually participated in the murders, or conspired to bring them about, appears not to have been cogent. Whether the jury would have dared to convict if the state had got its hands on the actual murderers and could prove their guilt is a question that does not demand an answer in this connection. The failure lies to the discredit of the prosecution, and not to that of the jury system.

SOME twenty-five state legislatures are now in session. From Minnesota to Texas there are authentic reports of attempts to coerce the teaching of science by withholding appropriations from state institutions teaching the doctrine of evolution. Since West Virginia was one of the first states in which the attack upon science occurred, it is encouraging to note evidence that enlightened sentiment will prevail. It will be recalled that it was a professor of biology in its state university to whom Mr. Bryan somewhat grudgingly paid one hundred dollars in response to meeting a challenge he had issued. Two other professors joined in public debate on behalf of science against the fundamentalists. There was a concerted demand from all over the state for their dismissal. The Regents made public a refusal, expressing confidence in the scientific standings and personal character of the men attacked. Then the Board of Control, which audits all state expenditures, refused to certify the library bill of the University because books on evolution were included in the list. The Board of Regents retorted by putting on the Board of Control henceforth the burden of purchasing all books for the library. This was too much, and the Board of Control backed down as gracefully as possible. Meantime the public opinion of the state has obtained a little education. While prophecy is not safe, it looks as if the cause of freedom of science had gained by the agitation.

MR. BRYAN'S conversion to the "money power" has not received the attention it deserves. As the author of the maxim that the hand which writes the pay-check controls the teacher, he would seem to have come out squarely on the side of those financial interests that are alleged to wish to control economic and social teaching in the schools. Or is it perchance that Mr. Bryan is a convert to the doctrine that the end justifies the means? It may be noted that Mr. Bryan had been delivering for many years his tirades against evolution, and for many years without any perceptible effect except to increase private obscurantism. Suddenly the effect became public and political. The change coincided with reports of millions of money at the disposal of the fundamentalist movement. The sum may be exaggerated in rumor. Of considerable financial backing there is no doubt. It is useless to expect logic from Mr. Bryan. But the fact should be recorded that he sees the cross of gold in a rosier hue when there is a prospect of nailing scientific teachers upon it. It is not politics alone which makes strange bed-fellows: witness "Wall Street" and William Jennings Bryan in a Holy Alliance.

"TRUTH IN FABRICS" appears to be a red rag not only to the woollen manufacturers, but to the clothing designers as well. At the recent Designers' Convention at Cincinnati it was unanimously resolved that the passage of the Truth in Fabrics bill would benefit the large wool growers, would require an army to enforce it, and would be a detriment to the clothing trade. This passes a layman's understanding. The bill in question does not interfere with the business of mixing cotton or "reworked wool" (shoddy) with virgin wool in the manufacture of cloth. It merely requires these substitute materials to pass on their own merits. Manufacturers assert that fabrics made of mixed new wool and shoddy are often better than fabrics made wholly of new wool. Possibly an admixture of cotton also represents an improvement in woolen clothing. Americans are not so stupid that they need Lies in Fabrics to make them take the better product. There may be some obtuse persons who would insist on using fabrics of virgin wool, even after the superiority of the mixed product had been demonstrated. Why not let them have their virgin wool, and suffer the consequences? Somehow, the more the woolen trade talks against the Truth in Fabrics bill, the clearer it becomes that the bill ought to pass.

A NEW method of effecting a revolution has been discovered by Louis G. Michael of the Department of Agriculture. It is revolution by eating. Hitherto the peasants of southeastern and central Europe have been chronically undernourished. The wheat they produced was taken by the landlords in rent, and so found its way into the export trade and helped to build up the industrial and commercial centres. But now the peasant has thrown the landlord off his back and is eating the wheat himself. "The fact that the peasant is eating bread is causing a revolution through southeastern Europe that extends even into middle Europe." The matter is really serious. It is doubtful whether Russia, Rumania, Hungary, India ever produce much more wheat than the peasants would eat up, if they could get their teeth in it. What, then, is to become of the cities? We

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see now the function of the Russian or Rumanian aristocrat who used to squander the wheat yield of a county on the Paris boulevards. He was standing between urban civilization and the devastating appetite of the peasants. So he wasn't a mere parasite, after all. He will be missed, until something is invented to take his place.

More Christian War

THERE is one aspect of the way in which certain serious and well-informed people in other countries have received the French invasion of the Ruhr which is almost as disquieting as the invasion itself. Both in America and in Great Britain the official spokesmen of Christianity who have come to occupy in their own opinion a peculiarly responsible relationship to matters of this kind have replied to the French act of war with silence. None of the organizations connected with the Christian churches which of late years have insisted on the opposition between Christianity and war has considered the military measures taken by the French government against Germany as a sufficiently clear violation of Christian ethics to call for repudiation.

Only a few weeks ago some one hundred and sixty prominent Americans uttered an "appeal" to Christians in which they asserted "that unless the Church of Christ takes a clear and consistent stand on the matter of life and death to our civilization she will merit the contempt of men and the judgment of God." "Another war," they declared, would "bring down upon the Church of Christ the charge of moral cowardice and fatal inefficiency." Yet when a few weeks later a war broke out and there loomed up a new opportunity to convert "every Christian church into the centre of a frank and courageous antagonism to war and all that makes for war" not a single Christian church uttered a word. What's the matter? Is it fatal inefficiency or moral cowardice?

Of course, the answer will be that the new war is different, that it is not really a war at all. The French army which has invaded Germany is merely a sheriff's posse which is taking the necessary measures to collect an unpaid debt. There is no forcible opposition on Germany's part, no fighting, no bloodshed and no destruction of property and life. France is acting in strictly legal manner, to which the Germans gave their consent when they signed the Treaty of Versailles; and if the French invasion inflicts losses, suffering and humiliation on them, that is only the natural and proper result of their guilt, their defeat and their default. Such is no doubt the official camouflage for this new explosion of military violence, but there is no sufficient excuse for intelligent and sincere English and American Christians to be deceived by it. This new war, as we pointed out last week, is not any the less war because it is sanctioned by a supposed Treaty of Peace. If it continues it will be quite as destructive of property and human life and quite as provocative of fear, hatred and revenge as the Great War itself. War is the expression of a conflict between two nations so irreconcilable that it is supposed to justify one of them in partly or wholly exterminating the other. A conflict of this kind is taking place on the Rhine today. It is one of the most unmistakable, unnecessary, destructive and dangerous wars in modern history.

The fact that one of the belligerents in this new war has to fight arms with words, and ultimatums with supplications should cause more rather than less perturbation among the Christian crusaders for peace. The latter are conniving at the failure of a great experiment which, if it were to succeed, would have vindicated the truth of the pacifist principle that a nation does not need a great army in order to be prosperous, respected, self-respecting and secure. And by conniving at the failure of this experiment they are teaching by a lurid example to the European peoples the truth of the militarist principle—the principle that the possession of armed force is an indispensable equipment for political success and that without it no nation has a chance of enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The great experiment was the disarmament of Germany. For the first time in the history of modern Europe a rich and well-populated country, surrounded by actual or possible enemies, was deprived by law of all means of self-defence and placed at the mercy of other countries which themselves remained armed to the teeth. The decision to disarm Germany was under the circumstances inevitable and in our opinion justifiable. Considering the threat which the German army had for a generation flourished against the peace of Europe and the independence and security of the neighbors of Germany, there was every excuse for cutting the claws of the German eagle. But if the experiment was to be successful, it clearly called for unprecedented moderation and wisdom on the part of the neighbors of Germany. The fact that they had disarmed their opponent and had thereby prevented him from protecting himself enormously increased their obligation to do him exact and sufficient justice and scrupulously to consult him about decisions which affected the future welfare of the German people. It forbade them to take away from the Germans those boons of security, freedom, dignity and consideration which Christian peoples have valued more than life. It implied the formulation of rules of international conduct which would bind both victors and vanquished and which the former would impartially administer. Thus they would guarantee to Germany the kind of security and peace which she was supposed to

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derive from her former magnificent and terrible army.

They have not recognized any such obligation. On the contrary they have never for one moment since Germany was disarmed allowed her to enjoy security, consideration or prosperity or the remote prospect of consideration, security and prosperity. They have visited on her the fate which militarists have always claimed would overtake a rich but defenceless people. They have treated her as if she had no rights which other nations were bound to respect. The most powerful of her conquerors is now starting on the execution of a policy which, if continued, will ruin her economically and compel millions of Germans to starve or to emigrate. Good Christians exhibit no evidence of being surprised and shocked at this performance. They certainly have no reason for surprise. France has never disguised her intention of treating Germany as an outcast and of denying to the German people the opportunity to prosper and to recover. Her statesmen have never pretended to believe in disarmament, pacification and the substitution of some formulation of right for military force as the sovereign of Europe and the world. In waging a new war on Germany she is only carrying out threats to which her politicians have given frank and repeated utterance. But if Christian agitators for peace have no reason to be surprised, they have every reason to be shocked and perturbed. A war has broken out which is prompted by and is breeding the most vindictive hatreds which the human mind can conceive, and in spite of their brave words before the event, they allow the explosion to take place without the slightest expression of opposition or even disquietude.

This dumbness and impotence, this "fatal inefficiency," is the natural result of the attitude which they have adopted towards the Treaty of Versailles. Ever since June 1919 the Christian agitators for peace as well as the great majority of liberals throughout the world have ignored the manifest tendency of the Treaty to breed future wars. They have attributed to a League of Nations or "international cooperation" some logic which would provide an antidote for the poisonous and destructive process which the Treaty itself authorized and specified—the process of ruining a great nation economically and subjugating it politically. They were justified in hoping much from international cooperation and a League of Nations, but there can be no genuine cooperation among nations which are authorizing or conniving at the extinction of an existing nation. In order to give reality to conference or cooperation or a League of Nations, the proposed associates need to assume a body of principle upon which they all agree to act and which assures to all of them rights of self-government and self-possession analogous to those which the American Constitution is supposed to guarantee both to its states and citizens. The terms of the Treaty of Versailles prohibited the formulation of such a body of international right. They converted any international conference which dealt with the public affairs of Europe into a more or less frank and successful conspiracy to keep Germany submerged. This malevolent purpose of the Treaty, binding to a greater or smaller extent on all of its signatories including the German government itself, provides a partial explanation of the "fatal inefficiency" of the Christian and liberal agitators for peace. The Treaty denatured the only method of bringing peace to Europe which enjoyed a chance of success.

Sincere Christians will not make headway towards the realization of peace on earth and goodwill to men without a candid recognition of what is at present the chief obstacle to European appeasement. That obstacle is the existing policy of the French government. Corroborated as it is by a public treaty, that policy is incompatible with the existence of order, goodwill and good faith among nations. France is actually ruining Germany. Such being the case, it makes no difference how excusable or admirable French motives are in ruining Germany, or what legal sanction she has for doing it. A supposedly admirable motive provides no sufficient excuse for deliberately bringing about a deplorable result. Indeed, a motive, so psychologists say, is only an activity considered in relation to a forward-looking reference to results—especially results of approbation and condemnation. If it is the French army that has the power chiefly to effect or prevent results, and if it is the results that count, the chief business of all Christian agitators for peace is surely that of inventing some means of changing the French state of mind. That is a difficult enough job, Heaven knows, but when so many of the sincere friends of peace throughout the world condone or do not oppose the French policy it is difficult up to the point of being impossible. The French policy is not objectionable, as most Americans believe, chiefly because it will fail in extorting reparations. It is objectionable because, although it will obviously fail in extorting reparations, it will succeed in ruining Germany. The French politicians realize the inevitable tendency of their own policy as well as any disinterested foreigner. That is why they pursue it. Their ability to ruin Germany while only pretending to collect reparations, and to obtain the support or connivance of good Christians in other countries in bringing about the first result on the pretext of seeking the second, is one of the major circumstances which counts in favor of their success.

If the war is not to increase by contagion until it blights and overwhelms Europe, Christian agitators for peace will have to recognize first that it now exists and secondly that it exists by their connivance. Instead of compromising with or placating a France whose policy so clearly violates the Golden Rule, they should refuse to countenance any

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negotiations with M. Poincaré until he evacuates the Ruhr and renounces the right to repeat the offence. The only effective answer which sincerely peace-loving people can offer to the French declaration of war is morally to isolate the French government just as they formerly morally isolated Germany. If pacifists cannot prevent war, the next best thing they can do is to prevent, if possible, its perpetrators from profiting by it. In order to be serviceable as a warning against future war the present French militarist eruption needs, like the German violation of Belgium, to be carried on in an atmosphere of emphatic and unmitigated disapproval. At the present time it is being carried on in an atmosphere of benevolent neutrality or at best mild disapproval. An intelligent man like Irving Thomas Bush calls the French march into Germany a "noble military gesture." It is nothing like that. It is one of the most inglorious military exploits ever attempted by a gallant army against a defenceless people. It is a sordid and barbarous attack on international order and the welfare of Europe. It is a manifest defiance of Christian truth. The French would not have dared to undertake it, if they had expected to incur as sharp and as much disapproval as their conduct demands. They will have finally to abandon it if that disapproval becomes as loud and as ominous as the terrible occasion warrants.

Two Views of the British Debt

TO most Americans the problem of the British debt to America looks simple. The British, in their time of need, borrowed money from the United States Treasury. The Treasury, in turn, borrowed it from the American people. We have approximately five billion dollars in government bonds outstanding that would not be weighing down our finances if the British government had raised its loans directly from the American investors, instead of indirectly, through the Treasury. But British credit did not stand sufficiently high in 1917 and 1918 to make such a direct appeal to the investors practicable. Our government therefore placed its own gilt-edged credit at the disposal of the British. And now, when British credit is recovering, we ask the British to let our government and our taxpayers drop out of the transaction. In order that this may be done, we ask the British government to replace its notes with interest bearing bonds which our Treasury may gradually sell to investors, and thus secure money to pay off an amount of our own debt equivalent to the sums we raised on British account.

And the problem of the terms of funding is equally simple, as most Americans see it. The American government has no direct concern with the rate of interest or the time of maturity. Its sole object is to get its money back, through the sale of British bonds that will float at par. If a fifty year bond bearing two percent would do that, such a bond would fulfill all the requirements exactly. If no British bond yielding less than eight percent will float at par, the British should, in strict financial logic, be willing to put their debt to us in the form of eight percent bonds. But in the recent negotiations our government seems to have indicated a tentative willingness to depart from strict financial logic to the extent of fixing the rate at four percent. British bonds bearing that rate will not sell at par, at a time when our own four and one quarter percents sell at a slight discount. But if the world remains at peace for four or five years we shall be able to borrow money at four percent or less, and in a somewhat longer period British four percent bonds will reach par in our market. Our Treasury would presumably not try to dispose of the British bonds until that could be done without loss, in the meantime holding them as an investment whose income would pay the interest on practically an equivalent amount of our own bonds.

That, to most Americans, looks like a perfectly fair proposal. And they do not see the logic of the British demand that the interest be fixed at three percent. It may be twenty years or more before British three percents will float at par, and through all that period the Treasury would have to hold them, or dispose of them at a loss. It may be ten years before our own government can borrow money at a straight three percent, and in the meantime the interest paid by the British would fall short of meeting interest on the corresponding volume of our own debt. In proposing three percent, then, the British are asking us to take a loss. Why should we be expected to do it?

So much for the American view of the situation. But now let us look at the British view. On its face, the British loan from our government was a purely financial transaction. So were the French and the Italian loans. These loans were all contracted for the same general purposes, under the same terms. It is known to all Americans that Italy does not intend ever to pay either the interest or the principal of her debt. So far is Italy from any intention of payment that if the United States were to pass an act cancelling the claim on Italy not a single Italian would toss his cap and shout Bravo! The French do not say that they will not pay, but they say they cannot, until the Germans pay the indemnity. The old Romans would have put it more vividly: "When the rivers flow back into the fountains; when the does pasture on the blue waves and the fish spawn among the tree tops on the mountains." We understand the French figure of speech, however, just as well. The French will never pay us. And we are not greatly disturbed. America is a good loser, when necessary.

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We are practising discrimination among our debtors. France and Italy bid us whistle for our money, and we pipe up with a cheerful tune. But to John Bull we growl, "Come across!" And we look with a fishy eye on even so modest a step toward equalization of conditions as funding at three percent. The average Britisher, up to his neck in taxes, finds difficulty in explaining this situation. What has his country done, that America should single her out for exceptional burdens?

Americans would say that the British are able to pay and the French and Italians are not; that is the sole basis of the discrimination. But why is it that the British are able to pay and the French are not? Both countries suffered heavily under the war. The injury to France was visible and tangible—a great gash through ten departments. But a great gash was cut through Lancashire and Glasgow and Birmingham, in the trade depression produced by the war. If the French still have much of the work of rehabilitation to do, the British still have a million and a half of unemployed. Time alone can show which nation suffered the greater material loss through the war.

But since the war the British have worked with characteristic energy to get back on their feet. They have cut out the nonsense of military and naval expenditures, so far as practicable. They have addressed themselves vigorously to the task of building up new outlets for their trade. They have taxed themelves more heavily than any other nation has ever done in time of peace. The French on the other hand have gone about in a mist of military dreams. They have pursued a policy toward Germany that insures a mass of hatreds that will make France insecure for a generation, and at the same time they have ruined the reparations as a financial asset. Their internal expenditures have been wasteful, and they have permitted tax dodging to become almost universal.

The British are able to pay and the French are not, chiefly because the British have pursued and are pursuing a sane policy, public and private, while the French have pursued policies of folly and destruction. Now, the British ask, what insight into the realities of the international situation do Americans possess, if they insist on penalizing peace and energy and thrift and indulging war and waste and vainglory? The question is hard to answer.

The British may come to our terms if we insist vigorously enough. In the present welter of diplomacy and disorder the two great English-speaking nations can count confidently only on each other as bulwarks of the civilization we know. England and America cannot afford to become estranged. England, whose position is more exposed than ours, realizes this mutual dependence better than we do. We are capitalizing our incapacity to realize our dependence when we discriminate against England in the treatment of our debtors. We can push our advantage pretty far. But we ought to ask ourselves seriously whether we can expect that sort of policy to pay.

Good Governor Smith

IF we were asked to name an American political leader of today who most successfully expressed in politics the spirit and the deportment of a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian, we should without hesitation pick Governor Alfred E. Smith of the state of New York. On all critical occasions he comes through—firm, courageous, unpretentious and right. His career affords many proofs of unusual political good sense and enlightened political conviction, but the clearest and most convincing proof of his grip upon the imponderable realities of politics is the opposition which he has consistently and unflinchingly exerted against the governmental coercion of opinion. He has done more to give reality to the American constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and opinion during the last few years, when the one hundred percent un-Americans have so fiercely and unscrupulously attacked it, than has any other American citizen, except perhaps one or two Justices of the Supreme Court. He fought the excommunication of the Socialist members of the Legislature at a moment when many members of his own party were ready to join the Republicans in favoring it. He vetoed the Lusk bills. After their signature by his successor he advocated their repeal during his campaign for re-election and now he is doing what he can to make his word good. Finally he has dared to pardon Big Jim Larkin and by doing so to question the interpretation of the criminal anarchy statute of New York which is responsible for Larkin's conviction. It is a most honorable and distinguished record which fully justifies his recent election over his competitor, ex-Governor Miller, by a plurality of some 400,000 votes.

There is an instructive contrast between the records in this respect of Governor Smith and ex-Governor Miller. Mr. Miller is an eminent and able lawyer who had served upon the Court of Appeals of New York State, who was considered qualified for appointment to the Supreme Court and who might have been supposed to represent the best traditions of Anglo-American jurisprudence. During his campaign for election in the fall of 1920 he laid emphasis upon the need of protecting individual freedom from state interference. Like so many Republican orators of that year he pretended to believe that the government was becoming too strong for the individual, and he demanded the emancipation of popular activities from the dead hand of legislative and administrative supervision. Yet practically all the innovations in state policy which prevailed during his term as governor had something to do with regulating and

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restricting local, popular or individual freedom of action. He took away from the city of New York almost all control over its machinery of rapid transit. He signed the Lusk bills which authorized administrative officials to interfere with freedom of teaching and sought to terrorize public school teachers into becoming obedient servants of vested social interests. He permitted the establishment of a drastic and necessarily stupid official censorship of the movies. And of course when agitators were arrested, tried, condemned and jailed for expressions of opinion, which, however objectionable, did not directly instigate disorder, they could not expect any consideration from him. Judged by his actual conduct of the state, he believed in only one way to cure an evil, to correct an error or to right a wrong. He always called in the coercive power of the government and forced the erring brothers to walk in the path of righteousness.

Governor Smith, on the other hand, has enjoyed few of the advantages which, it might have been supposed, would have qualified his predecessor to testify on behalf of the moral meaning of Americanism. He was born in humble circumstances. He grew up like so many boys on the East Side of New York moulded to a large extent by the somewhat rough and ready conditions of his neighborhood. His education was none of the best; his English is often defective and his methods of thinking sometimes awkward and inefficient. He became a Tammany politician, and the career of a Tammany chieftain is not supposed to be quite as good as that of a justice of the Court of Appeals as a training school for an American citizen. Yet as it turned out, the quality of the citizenship which the Tammany brave has come to express is emphatically superior to that of the eminent lawyer and the justly respected judge. Ex-Governor Miller, in spite of his ability, his integrity, his genuine wish to serve the public and his education as an official spokesman of constitutional government is no longer nourished from the spiritual sources of the American democracy.

The quality of his citizenship is inferior to that of the former East Side ward politician chiefly for two reasons. Mr. Smith, like a good democrat, displays a lively interest in the needs and wishes of his humbler fellow-citizens. His imagination envisages their minds and comprehends their outlook. Mr. Miller on the other hand is class bound. He only knows the minds of the kind of people who inhabit the Union League Club or the Republican Club, and this leads him to commit the still more costly error of misconceiving the nature of the American Republic. He regards it as an institution which needs to be protected rather than a living ideal, the valid meaning of which every new generation of Americans has to demonstrate afresh. Mr. Smith's keen sensibilities and popular sympathies have enabled him to see more deeply into the truth of Americanism than Mr. Miller's learning and sophistication.

In this respect unfortunately Mr. Miller is typical of his class. They have practically all of them come to believe in the Republic as an institution which incarnates a system of finished political truth and which safeguards a body of sacred vested interests. That is why they have come to suspect freedom of speech, opinion and teaching and why they are disposed to favor the forcible suppression by the state of radical heresies. They are the analogue in politics of the fundamentalists who regard an evolutionary conception of the world as an impious defiance of the word of God. They employ cheap and scurvy henchmen like Lusk, Stevenson, Whitney and Easley to do the dirty work—to spy out the heretic, to put him through an inquisition and, if possible, to suppress him. The discouraging aspect of the gross but silly persecution of opinion which the Lusks have undertaken during the past five years is the negligible resistance or the actual approval which it has aroused among the leaders of the American bar, of American business and of American society. It proves clearly that the latter are ceasing to exercise leadership either in maintaining standards, in controlling political policies or in fomenting thought. Who then will lead? Well, it looks sometimes as if in politics the Wadsworths are going to be succeeded by Hylans and Thompsons, but the case of "Al" Smith permits us to hope for something better. As long as the streets of East Side New York can generate a man with such lively and sound political sensibility, such quiet courage and such genuine human sympathy and insight there is great hope for the American democracy. Men of this kind may prevent our so-called upper class, corresponding to the class in Europe which is still inflicting so much unnecessary suffering on so many innocent and helpless people, from duplicating here their exploits in the art of social dissolution.

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Tax-Exempt Securities

THAT a Constitution framed for an agricultural community with a population of three million should still, after one hundred and thirty-five years, furnish the basis of government for a highly industrialized nation of one hundred and ten million souls, the majority of whom are city dwellers, is a frequent theme for marvel; and the explanation usually forthcoming is that the decisions of the Supreme Court have kept the Constitution flexible—have, in the words of Chief Justice Marshall, "adapted" it "to the various crises of human affairs." The explanation has unquestionably this limited truth: the Supreme Court has not always, or even generally, followed the narrowest possible reading of the Constitution. On the other hand, it should be remembered that the Court is not an originating body, that the utmost it can do is to ratify what Congress or the President has initiated, and that its distinctive rôle is one of control rather than of instigation. Furthermore, there are occasions when desirable policy encounters constitutional difficulties which are clearly not due to the Constitution as it would be construed by an intelligent man reading it at first hand, but to a sophisticated gloss upon it to be found in the decisions. For instance, consider the growing embarrassment with which the ever increasing quantity of governmental bonds exempt from taxation confronts both the national and the state governments today: I venture to suggest the question whether a constitutional amendment is really necessary to meet this situation—whether, in other words, the Constitution is not already a good enough Constitution so far as this matter is concerned.

The Constitution is the supreme law of the land; constitutional law—the decisions of the Court—is only derivative law. The whole body of doctrine upon which the exemption of governmental securities from taxation rests—so far as such exemption is not a voluntary donation from a state or the national government—is simply judge-made law, for which the text of the Constitution furnishes not a single peg; and what is more, it is today judge-made law which later law from the same source goes far to discredit.

The starting point is furnished by the famous decision in McCulloch vs. Maryland (4 Wheaton 316: 1819), in which the Court, speaking through Marshall, held that Maryland was not entitled to tax the business of a branch of the United States Bank at Baltimore. In the course of his opinion the Chief Justice advances three different reasons for this holding: first, he says, it would be wrong for one sovereignty to tax the agencies of another; but then "waiving this theory," he, in the second place, invokes the supremacy of the national government within its sphere of action; finally, he indicates that Congress impliedly exempted the bank from state taxation in the act of establishing it. But in the later case of Osborn vs. the Bank (9 Wheaton 738: 1821) he bases the bank's exemption exclusively upon this last ground; and this is obviously the correct ground, invoking as it does no extra-constitutional theories, but simply the power of Congress to pass "all laws necessary and proper" to keep the national government and its agencies functioning efficiently. And this, moreover, is the doctrine today so far as national banks are concerned, their taxation by the states being regulated in all respects by section 5219 of the Revised Statutes. Why, then, should not the same rule apply to national bonds? And if it does, why a constitutional amendment for the purpose of subjecting such bonds to taxation by the states as property in the hands of their owners? It may be added that even as matters stand they are taxable as part of an inheritance.

Let us turn now to the other side of the problem—the exemption of state and local bonds from national taxation. The leading case is Collector vs. Day (11 Wallace 113: 1870), in which the Court held that the salary of a state judge was not subject to a national income tax. The argument of the Court owes something to the first of the three grounds advanced by Marshall in the McCulloch Case, but flatly contradicts the second ground, and ignores the third. Far more important, however, as a source of this decision was Marshall's celebrated dictum in the earlier case that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy." This being so, the Court argued in effect: if we permit Congress to tax the salary of a state judge at all, it may tax all salaries of all state judges to extinction, and thus destroy the state judiciaries. Unfortunately the Court overlooked the obvious fact that in taxing the salaries of state judges to the point of extinction by a general income tax, Congress would be taxing all other incomes to extinction also, and so nobody would have any money left wherewith to pay state judges their salaries. The doctrine of the decision is, in truth, the veriest nonsense, and is not supported in the remotest way by a single word in the Constitution; on the contrary, as already suggested, it flies in the face of the supremacy which is guaranteed by the Constitution to acts of Congress made in pursuance of it, "anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

The one thing that may be urged in partial extenuation of the Court's action in Collector vs. Day is a possible fear on its part that Congress

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might sometime undertake to tax the salaries of state officials as such; but it should have waited for that highly improbable situation to arise, when it could have reminded Congress of the guaranty which, by Article 4 of the Constitution, the United States extends to every state in this union of a republican form of government. But remote as the danger was in 1870, it is still more remote today, on account of the principles which have been since developed against all sorts of rankly discriminatory legislation. In the light of recent doctrine it may indeed be questioned if an act which imposed a special tax upon salaries of state officials or upon incomes derived from state and municipal bonds could be considered a tax in the constitutional sense, such a classification not being a reasonable one for purposes of taxation (See Brushaber vs. Un. Pacific Co., 240 U. S. 1, and the recent Child Labor Case). The doctrine of Collector vs. Day and of the decisions following in its track is, in short, out of date. Furthermore, the logic of it has been abandoned by the Court itself. Thus in Flint vs. Stone Tracy Co. (220 U. S. 107: 1910) the Supreme Court sustained the right of Congress to tax the privilege of doing business as a corporation. It is difficult to see how a general income tax which incidentally taxes incomes from municipal and state bonds is a tax on the state's borrowing power, if a special tax on the privilege of doing business as a corporation is not a tax on the power of the state to charter corporations. As a matter of fact, any such view of the effect of a general income tax involves a fine-spun theory of the incidence of taxation which may be interesting for purposes of speculation, but from a practical point of view is deserving only of impatient rejection.

But at this point in my argument I can see the widows and orphans—who are invariably the owners of governmental bonds when any question of their taxation is to the fore—showing signs of acute nervousness, and presently an indignant protest is launched against any attempt to discredit a principle on the faith of which, first and last, billions of securities have been bought and sold. Is the Supreme Court, the question is put, which stands by to see that the states pass no laws impairing the obligation of contracts, to be asked to do that very thing by overturning a decision of half a century standing? The question seems a formidable one, but I believe it can be met. There is really no need of overturning Collector vs. Day and its successors to date, thus cancelling the immunities they confer upon earlier issues of securities, provided only the Supreme Court, recognizing the inherent weakness of those decisions, repairs with a fresh mind to the interpretation of the Sixteenth Amendment as cases affecting issues of later date come before it.

The Sixteenth Amendment reads as follows: "The congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration." That this language should not be given a retrospective application has just been conceded; but why should it not be held to determine the law in all other respects? What could be more comprehensive than the words "from whatever source derived?" Nor is it perceived by what rule of logic or syntax the ensuing phrases subtract from the literal force thereof.

Nevertheless, it is insisted that it was not the intention of those who framed the Amendment to enlarge Congress's power in the way of taxing incomes, but only to relieve it of a certain mode of procedure; that the immediate occasion of the Amendment was the decision in Pollock vs. The Farmers Loan & Trust Co. (157 U. S. 429; 158 U. S. 601: 1895) that taxes on incomes derived from property were "direct," and so required apportionment; that the objection was raised against the Amendment while it was pending that it would enable the national government to tax incomes from state and municipal bonds, and was refuted by supporters of the Amendment. However, the answer is clear: It was in this very Pollock Case that the doctrine was first explicitly announced—on the basis of Collector vs. Day, to be sure—that incomes from state and municipal bonds were exempt from taxation by the national government; and if it was the intention of the framers of the Amendment to overcome that decision in part, why not in whole: why should they have wished to make two bites of the cherry? Again, the objection mentioned was raised by quite as good authority as that by which it was answered—perhaps better, since Mr. Hughes has subsequently sat on the Supreme Court, an honor which has never befallen Mr. Root. But finally, in view of the explicit language of the Amendment, the intentions of its framers are a matter of absolutely no importance. For the Court to abandon the solid footing of the words of the Amendment in order to embark on a voyage of discovery for the intentions of the Congress which proposed it and the forty of so legislatures which ratified it, would be an outright repudiation of the rules of constitutional construction (See e. g. Addystone Pipe and Steel Co., 175 U. S. 211).

But it is urged further that the Supreme Court itself has adopted the view that the Sixteenth Amendment was not intended to enlarge Congress's power of taxing incomes. What is meant is that certain justices have expressed this view obiter, for the point has not been directly involved in any case to date. The most debatable case is that of Evans vs. Gore (253 U. S. 245: 1919), in which the Court held that to assess an income tax against a salary of a judge of the United States who was in office when the tax was enacted would amount to a diminution of salary contrary to Article 3 Section 1 of the Constitution. In other words, the

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general terms of the Sixteenth Amendment leave this more specific provision still operative. But that is far from saying that the Amendment leaves standing a mere doctrine which can claim no such support from the language of the instrument, albeit this doctrine was brought sharply to the attention of the framers of the Amendment, so that they might easily have chosen terms to safeguard it.

Approached without preconceptions, the Sixteenth Amendment clearly gives the power to tax incomes from municipal and state bonds, as well as the salaries of state officials, by a general income tax. The perplexity of otherwise intelligent citizens when they are told, on the authority of Collector vs. Day and the Pollock Case, that the contrary is the fact is ample proof of this assertion. Nor indeed is there any good reason why the owners of such securities or the recipients of such salaries should not be called upon to discharge to the full the normal duties of national good citizenship. As was remarked above, any attempt by Congress to discriminate unfavorably in such cases would raise radically different questions; but contrariwise there is no constitutional reason why it should discriminate favorably.

To sum up: The question of tax exempt securities presents four aspects: (1) The exemption of national securities from national taxation is obviously a matter which rests with Congress alone; consequently no constitutional amendment is necessary to cure this phase of the mischief. (2) The exemption of state and municipal securities from local taxation is likewise a matter which rests with the state; so again no constitutional amendment is demanded. (3) The exemption of national securities from state taxation is, it seems clear, a matter to be determined by Congress within the broad limits set by the "necessary and proper" clause; consequently no constitutional amendment is required to abate this phase of the evil. (4) Finally, the exemption of incomes derived from state and municipal bonds, from national income taxation, which never rested on any better foundation than a highly vulnerable precedent of constitutional law, has been done away with by the simple, literal reading of the Sixteenth Amendment. By this Amendment Congress may tax incomes "from whatever source derived": words could not be clearer, unless perhaps—to adapt a saying of the late Judge Gaynor—Congress had chosen to add, "these words mean what they say."

In short, no constitutional amendment dealing with this subject is necessary; and none should be proposed by Congress which might in any way prejudice the speedy determination of the question on the basis of the existing Constitution, the way for which should be facilitated by the necessary changes in the present income tax law. If in reaching a proper result the Court should find it desirable to overrule Evans vs. Gore, that too would be all to the good. EDWARD S. CORWIN.

The Triumph of a Modern

INASMUCH as I have put to myself the task of trying to tell you a curious story in which I am myself concerned—in a strictly secondary way you must of course understand—I will begin by giving you some notion of myself.

Very well then, I am a man of thirty-two, rather small in size, with sandy hair. I wear glasses. Until two years ago I lived in Chicago, where I had a position as clerk in an office that afforded me a good enough living. I have never married, being somewhat afraid of women in the flesh, in a way of speaking. In fancy and in my imagination I have always been very bold but in the flesh women have always frightened me horribly. They have a way of smiling quietly as though to say—But we will not go into that now.

Since boyhood I have had an ambition to be a painter, not, I will confess, because of a desire to produce some great masterpiece of the arts but simply and solely because I have always thought the life painters lead would appeal to me. I have always liked the notion (let's be honest if we can) of going about, wearing a hat tipped a little to the side of my head, sporting a moustache, carrying a cane and speaking in an offhand way of such things as form, rhythm, the effects of light and masses, surfaces, etc., etc. During my life I have read a great many books concerning painters and their lives, their friendships and their loves; and when I was in Chicago and poor and was compelled to live in a small room alone I assure you I carried off many a dull weary evening by imagining myself a painter of wide renown in the world.

It was afternoon and having finished my day's work I, in fancy, went strolling off to the studio of another painter. He was still at work and there were two models in the room, women in the nude sitting about. One of them smiled at me, I thought a little wistfully, but pshaw, I am too blasé for anything of that sort.

I go across the room to my friend's canvas and stand looking at it. Now he is looking at me, a little anxiously. I am the greater man, you understand. That is frankly and freely acknowledged. Whatever else may be said against my friend he never claimed to be my equal. In fact it is generally understood, wherever I go, in the world of my fancy, that I am the greater man.

"Well?" says my friend. You see he is fairly hanging on my words, as the saying goes, in short he is waiting for me to speak with the air of one about to be hanged. Why? The Devil! Why does he put everything up to me? One gets tired carrying such responsibility upon one's shoulders. A painter should be the judge of his own work and not embarrass his fellow painters by asking such questions. That is my method.

"Very well then. If I speak sharply you have only yourself to blame. The yellow you have

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been using is a little muddy. The arm of this woman is not felt. In painting one should feel the arm of a woman. What I advise is that you change your palette. You have scattered too much. Pull it together. A painting should stick together as a wet snow ball thrown by a boy clings to a wall."

When I had reached the age of thirty, that is to say two years ago, I received from my aunt, the sister of my father, to be exact, a small fortune I had long been dreaming I might possibly inherit. My aunt I had never seen, but I had always been saying to myself, "I must go see my aunt. The old lady will be sore at me and when she dies will not leave me a cent." And then, lucky fellow that I am, I did go to see her just before she died.

Filled with determination to put the thing through I set out from Chicago and it is not my fault that I did not spend the day with her. Even although my aunt is (as I am not fool enough not to know that you know) a woman, I would have spent the day with her, but that it was impossible.

She lived at Madison, Wisconsin, and I went there on Saturday morning. The house was locked and the windows boarded up. Fortunately, at just that moment a mail carrier came along and upon my telling him that I was my aunt's nephew gave me her address. He also gave me some news concerning her.

For years she had been a sufferer from hay fever and every summer had to have a change of climate. That was an opportunity for me. I went at once to a hotel and wrote her a letter telling of my visit and expressing, to the utmost of my ability, my sorrow in not having found her at home. "I have been a long time doing this job but now that I am at it I fancy I shall do it rather well," I said to myself.

A sort of feeling came into my hand, as it were. I can't just say what it was, but as soon as I sat down I knew very well I should be eloquent. For the moment I was positively a poet.

In the first place and as one should in writing a letter to a lady, I spoke of the sky. "The sky is full of mottled clouds," I said. Then, and I frankly admit in a brutally casual way, I spoke of myself as one practically prostrated with sorrow. To tell the truth I did not just know what I was doing. I had got the fever for writing words, you see. They fairly flowed out of my pen.

I had come, I said, on a long and weary journey to the home of my only female relative and here I threw into the letter some reference to the fact that I was an orphan. "Imagine," I wrote, "the sorrow and desolation in my heart at finding the house unoccupied and the windows boarded up."

It was there, sitting in the hotel at Madison, Wisconsin, with the pen in my hand that I made my fortune. Something bold and heroic came into my mood and, without a moment's hesitation, I mentioned in my letter what should never be mentioned to a woman unless she be an older woman of one's own family, and then only by a physician perhaps. I spoke of my aunt's breasts, using the plural.

I had hoped, I said, to lay my tired head on her breasts. To tell the truth I had become drunken with words and now how glad I am that I did. Mr. George Moore, Mr. Clive Bell, Mr. Paul Rosenfeld and others of the more skilful writers of our English speech, have written a great deal about painters and, as I have already explained, there was no book or magazine article in English and concerning painters, their life and works, procurable in Chicago, I had not read. What I am now striving to convey to you is something of my own pride in my literary effort in the hotel at Madison, Wisconsin, and surely if I was, at that moment, an artist, no other artist has ever had such quick and wholehearted recognition.

Having spoken of putting my tired head on my aunt's breasts (poor woman, she died, never having seen me), I went on to give the general impression—which by the way was quite honest and correct—of a somewhat boyish figure, rather puzzled, wandering in a confused way through life. The imaginary but correct enough figure of myself, born at the moment in my imagination, had made its way through dismal swamps of gloom, over the rough hills of adversity and through the dry deserts of loneliness toward the one spot in all this world where it had hoped to find rest and peace, that is to say upon the bosom of its aunt. However, as I have already explained, being a thorough modern and full of the modern boldness I did not use the word bosom, as an old fashioned writer might have done. I used the word breasts. When I had finished writing tears were in my eyes.

The letter I wrote on that day covered some seven sheets of hotel paper—finely written to the margins and cost four cents to mail. "Shall I mail it or shall I not?" I said to myself as I came out of the hotel office and stood before a mail box. The letter was balanced between my finger and thumb.

"eeny, meeny, miny, mo
catch a nigger by the toe."

The forefinger of my left hand—I was holding the letter in my right hand—touched my nose, mouth, forehead, eyes, chin, neck, shoulder, arm, hand and then tapped the letter itself. No doubt I fully intended from the first to drop it. I had been doing the work of an artist. Well, artists are always talking of destroying their own work but few do it and those who do are perhaps the real heroes of life.

And so down into the mail box it went with a thud, and my fortune was made. The letter was received by my aunt who was lying abed of an illness that was to destroy her—she had, it seems, other things beside hay fever the matter with her—and she altered her will in my favor. She had

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intended leaving her money, a tidy sum yielding an income of five thousand a year, to a fund to be established for the study of methods for the cure of hay fever—that it to say, really you see, to her fellow sufferers—but instead left it to me. My aunt could not find her spectacles and a nurse—may the gods bring her bright days and a good husband—read the letter aloud. Both women were deeply touched and my aunt wept. I am only telling you the facts, you understand, but I would like to suggest that this whole incident might well be taken as proof of the power of modern art. From the first I have been a firm believer in the moderns. I am one who, as an art critic might word it, has been right down through the movements. At first I was an impressionist and later a cubist, a post-impressionist and even a vorticist. Time after time, in my imaginary life as a painter, I have been quite swept off my feet. For example I remember Picasso's blue period . . . but we'll not go into that.

What I am trying to say is that, having this faith in modernity, if one may use the word thus, I did find within myself a peculiar boldness as I sat in the hotel writing room at Madison, Wisconsin. I used the word breasts (in the plural, you understand) and everyone will admit that is a bold and modern word to use in a letter to an aunt one has never seen. It brought my aunt and me into one family. Her modesty never could have admitted anything else.

And then, my aunt was really touched. Afterward I talked to the nurse and made her a rather handsome present for her part in the affair. When the letter had been read my aunt felt overwhelmingly drawn to me. She turned her face to the wall and her shoulders shook. Do not think that I am not also touched as I write this. "Poor lad," my aunt said to the nurse, "I will make things easier for him. Send for the lawyer."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

What's Wrong With the Ministry?

DURING the last ten years and especially since the war a panic has gone through the churches at the decrease in the number of candidates for the ministry and in the younger clergymen. In response to this the Church is making great efforts to draw into the ministry many more young men. That is all well, provided the young men are the right stuff. In the midst of war, under great stress and strain, when the ranks have been thinned, a nation may have to turn to the second and third class of recruits; but it is risky business, though necessary. Now that the ranks of the ministry have been thinned, there is great danger lest those in authority call in men of second and third class ability—pious, no doubt, but better suited to be mechanics and clerks than parsons.

To be sure, the great body of the ministry, as is the case with the great body of the doctors and lawyers, must be men of only middle-class ability; a college degree does not make big character. Even the middle-class positions, however, call for men of fine and positive character, of good sense and devoted life. Besides these men the Church must have in her ministry today, as the world has in every other calling, a certain proportion of men of stronger type, who have been drawn out from the multitude by a process of selection and have been given adequate training. What the racked and bewildered world of today needs is leaders. The ministry needs them too. And the question before the churches today is: How are these men to be found and equipped?

There ought to be an improvement in the standards for the ministry all along the line, beginning at the theological school. Because young men do not know of the real opportunity for service and for leadership that the ministry offers, many of the best of them in seeking their careers never even consider the ministry. One way to get the outstanding young men into the ministry is to raise instead of lower the standards of admission to some of the theological seminaries. It is patent to all that the theological seminaries have in the past been too free in admitting young men to membership and that some Bishops and others who have had the responsibility of commending them have been too lenient in passing almost any pious, well-meaning young man. The standard has probably risen in the last few years, and there are in the several denominations one or more theological schools which insist upon a college degree for full membership. A number of years ago the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge took that position, and has stood by it. The result has been that while, of course, all the graduates are not leaders, some of them are. Out of every thirty of the alumni one is a Bishop, six are Missionary Bishops administering the Church in a large part of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and one of them, Bishop Roots, is a real statesman with a great work in Hankow, China.

One other reason for the lack of sufficient leaders in the ministry is faulty methods of selecting candidates. Preaching and exhortation are not going to draw young men into the ministry, but personal touch and leadership will. Former President Harris of Amherst once told me he had

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preached on the ministry with so little success that he adopted this line of action: After watching the students through the first three years of college life, in the early part of the senior year he selected half a dozen young men of such Christian character, devotion, force and leadership as would make them really effective ministers. He spoke to each of them personally, as a friend, with the result that a number of those young men thought the matter out seriously and finally made up their minds that the ministry was their calling.

But the selection of promising young men for the ministry will not solve the problem until there is a more widespread realization that the ministry is a field of service that calls out the highest powers of the finest and most vigorous personalities. The American people in general do not realize this. It is not the fault of the people that they are ignorant, but the fault of the Church and of the clergy themselves that they have not taken the trouble to tell the story, and in such a way as to get it under the skin of the young men.

Furthermore, has not the calling of the ministry been somewhat over-academic? Are the tests for a young man entering the ministry of a right perspective? To put it by illustration: Two young men stand before the Board of Examiners to be tested as to their fitness for ordination. One is a vigorous, active-minded, somewhat impulsive young man, who has shown in college powers of leadership. He came to the Theological School in a spirit of fine devotion, but knowing practically nothing as to what the ministry technically stands for. What he wanted to do was in the name of Christ to serve the people and he thought that in the Church was his chance. Facing the problem of theology in the school, problems which have got to be met somehow, his childhood faith received many a blow which he reeled under, and at times he did not know what he believed and where he was. Gradually, however, in the last year of the School he has been gaining a firm grip on the fundamentals of the faith. Still many questions and doubts hang about him. He is humble-minded, and he does not want to appear cocksure. The result may be that the examiner will turn him down on the ground that he is not clear and firm in the faith.

The other young man has never known doubt, or questioned; he accepted his mother's theology, and later his Sunday School teacher's theology and his minister's. He is docile, pious, but without force of mind or character. He is found to be orthodox; he always will be orthodox. He is passed by the examiner.

It is only right to say that this form of test is not so frequent as it used to be. But what sort of a ministry can the churches have if this is the kind of test? What becomes of the worth of strong character, spiritual experience, wrought out in stress of romantic devotion and of great sacrifice, even though the theology be off-color? May it not be that this over-emphasis of the academic is responsible for the opinions of many people that ministers may be all right in their theology, but they have not the stuff of which strong men, leaders and martyrs are made?

What are the opinions of the average person about the Church and the ministry? A few days ago I asked a young friend to find out what men and women on the street think of ministers; and he found out. It is interesting to know how the other half lives, even more interesting to know how the other half thinks. Here is what they say about the Church: "The ministers are clever at sliding through; they don't believe what they say," says a tradesman's wife. "They keep telling you what you mustn't do: that you can't do this and that—play cards, go to the theatre. They talk about charity and won't give a man a cent or a job. I had enough of them when I was a girl."

"Ministers aren't interesting," adds an automobile man. "Everything they tell me I know already. The minister never comes into my shop to see me; and I am glad of it."

"Ministers are fakers," answers a Syrian shoemaker, a member of a Congregational Church. "They look after Americans and think the rest of us are duds. In Syria the ministers are pastors: they know every child; they are the friends of everybody—not so here."

A manager of a machine works does not hesitate: "Ninety-nine percent of the ministers are wishy-washy. They are preaching for money."

The director of an economic foundation expressed his sentiments: "Ministers, especially Episcopal ministers, don't give me anything in their sermons; they fall back on stock phrases; they don't define terms, but just keep on talking. They talk on the price of coal or industrial and economic conditions which they don't know anything about."

A medical student adds, "Ministers aren't modern; they lack moral courage to speak the truth."

It is of no use my protesting that I have known hundreds of ministers, and that what these people say isn't true. Thousands on thousands are thinking as these people think: and that being the case, they probably have some ground for their opinions. Granted all this; we haven't yet met the situation. The fact is that in the popular mind the parson is not what he should be. When I was a professor in Pastoral Care, I used to say to the students: "The parson is the 'person,' the one person whom the town looks to as the finest character in the community. Think of your own town. Is the finest character the doctor, the judge, the grocer or the minister? You may never attain the position of the best citizen; perhaps you haven't got the inherited stuff, or the force: but don't be content until you have tried, and remember that

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publicity or popularity is not the test, but humility, moral courage, thought of others, public spirit and dogged determination to do and say the right thing as Christ did."

Isn't it about time that the Church wakes up to the idea that although there are hundreds of strong, high-minded, spiritual leaders in the ministry and thousands on thousands of good, faithful, somewhat narrow and uninteresting parsons, there ought to be a life of the standard all along the line?

This generation offers the biggest chance possible, then, to a man who has convictions as to where the road leads and who has the power of leadership to make the people go with him. I do not say, "follow him"; a true leader keeps the people about him, and they move forward together.

Here then is the chance for the ministers: here the opportunity for the churches and especially for the theological seminaries. A layman said to me a while ago, "Our minister is quite a scholar: he is as dry as dust as a preacher: he is no pastor. The children run away from him, and he is scared of them: he would make an excellent professor in a theological seminary."

Think of it: a sane layman who wants an alert, open-minded, interesting rector suggests setting the old man to training the young men preparing for the ministry. Yet much of this has gone on in the past: Seminaries have made a sort of "Soldier's Home" for the old warriors. These days are passing and they have got to pass altogether, and mighty quickly, if the Church of Christ is going to get into pace with the rest of the world.

The fact is that in these days the real scholar and teacher has got to be caught young. The college knows that well, and the seminaries are learning it; some of them have gotten on to it as quickly as the colleges. A teacher of divinity students is a trained man, a specialist. He was a scholar in college and is now; but theology is not purely an academic study: it is the revelation of life, and the true teacher in theology must be shot through with spiritual life; he must be human, keen in his interest in youth, in present day thought. He must be a character, a big, vigorous, truth-living character; he must have vision beyond the lecture room, and the one object of his teaching is to bring God to man, and man to God; for Christ, the very revelation of God, is the leader, the leader of men through the ages. If young men are to be leaders, they must have teachers who have the intellectual and moral courage to be leaders of the future leaders.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE,
Bishop of Massachusetts.

The Picture of the German Loaf

IN the office of the German Food Minister at Berlin hangs a picture of a loaf of bread. It looks like two loaves, each cut straight across into half a dozen portions and slices of varying thickness, but it is really a double personality of the same loaf—the nation's bread ration. For the picture is a chart of constituent costs which make up the price of bread delivered by the government to the German people. The first division of the loaf represents the criticisms most hostile to the Food Ministry, and shows relatively minor portions of total costs allocated to grain purchases, milling, baking and transportation items, while the heaviest charges of all are the Ministry's administration outlays. The other scheme of slicing is the Ministry's own statement of the case: the greater part of the total charge is against actual payments for inland and foreign grain; smaller items account for milling, baking and transportation; and a tiny slice of costs not thick enough to make a wafer sandwich stands for the Ministry's upkeep. It ought to be, one would suppose, a relatively simple matter to distribute the elements of expense entering into the government's bread ration; and there seems indeed no reason to doubt that the official manner of slicing the loaf of costs is accurate. The facts, however, that a statement by the government was necessary and that the picture hangs in the Ministry at Berlin, indicate how many Germans think and talk about the size of their meals and the price of their bread.

The basis of all German loaves is the great wheat and rye crops of the country. These crops are short this year, only 75 to 80 percent of last year's production according to official opinion obtained in Berlin. While some allowance must be made for tendencies to understatement which are inherent in the figures and will be referred to again below, it is clear that the food problem is sharpened by a breadgrain deficit. There is, furthermore, unanimity of opinion that the quality of the grain this year is extremely poor, and it seems likely that for every two bushels of quantitative deficit another bushel must be deducted on the score of softness and dampness of the grain. Potatoes, which are relatively plentiful, may offset in a measure the wheat and rye shortage; but they too are damp and soggy, and if considerable quantities are fed to hogs, as seems probable, this will restrict their availability for human consumption.

An item on the side of a more favorable balance in an unfavorable situation is that the crops as reported are understated. Just as in the piping days before the war, when Germany was "getting better and better," meaning "bigger and bigger," "in every way," every year, crop figures were inflated

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from five to fifteen percent, so now, in the lean period, is the leanness exaggerated. Estimates based on views of Hamburg grain traders place the 1922 wheat and rye crops at a point over forty million bushels above the official figures. Forty million bushels is more than ten percent of the two combined crops. The calculated error seems conservative rather than otherwise. It originates, not in any deliberate falsification on the part of those responsible for the issuance of the government figures, but in the very structure of the statistical system. Especially does it proceed from the place of the grain quotas in the agricultural scheme. And the grain quotas are themselves the key feature of the entire bread program.

Grain quotas are specified quantities of wheat, rye, barley or oats which producers are obliged by law to turn over to the government for the fulfillment of the bread ration. Requisition against payment this amounts to, but the rate of payment is fixed by law and governmental regulation and is a mere fraction of world prices, even of free trade prices inside Germany. The purpose is to eliminate the government bread subsidy by offsetting the high price of foreign grain against a low price for domestic. The ration, which is delivered to nearly fifty million bread-card holders—practically the entire population exclusive of the producers—is 4.2 pounds of bread per week. To maintain it 171 million bushels per year of wheat and rye are necessary. Rather more than half this figure, 96 million bushels, is the amount required from the producers. The foregoing purports to be a scientific calculation of nutrition requirements and crop figures. In point of fact, however, the ration of 4.2 pounds of bread per week is the smallest the industrial proletariat can be trusted to receive peaceably, and the 96 million bushels are the largest quantity obtainable from the farmers against paper payment. The whole program is a Reichstag compromise.

The 96 million bushels are between one-fourth and one-third of the wheat and rye crops. Nobody will ever know just what the fraction really is, because nobody will ever know what the wheat and rye turn out. Nobody will know the wheat and rye, because of the 96 million bushels of quotas. Here is a street guide to that blind alley: Prices paid by the government to the peasants are, in accordance with the Allies' insistence on the cessation of the bread subsidy, grotesquely low. Furthermore, the quotas required to be delivered from the various subdivisions of the country down to the villages themselves, are fixed in proportion to the official crop acreages and production reported through the official statistics. Now it is the authorities of the agricultural communes who make the initial returns for these acreage and production figures, and those men are usually farmers themselves and are almost always surrounded by an atmosphere of agricultural interests. There exists inevitably a tendency on their part to understate the output and thereby diminish their own and their neighbors' quota obligations. No device is employed later in the compilation to stiffen up the returns. Once the peasant burgomasters of the sixty-four thousand communes of Germany have discreetly sloughed off ten or twelve or fifteen percent of their production, whatever the figure is, not all the statistical top-sergeants in Berlin can dress the figures into proper alignment with the facts.

The gap between the Reichstag ration total of 171 million bushels, and the 96 million bushels of the quotas required from the producers, is the import program—75 million bushels. This is the quantity which the government plans to import during the crop year from September, 1922, to August, 1923. It is true that between two and three times 96 million bushels of wheat and rye will remain in the hands of the producers. This grain will be consumed by the farming population, sold on the open market and fed to farm stock. But due to intricate political and social issues, it appears impracticable for the government to raise its requisition figure and lay hold of the surplus. It plans, therefore, to buy on the world market 75 million bushels of grain, a quantity slightly larger than that imported last year and approximately half as great as the average wheat imports of Great Britain. The government hopes for the sake of economy to include in this figure as much rye as possible, but the actual state of world supplies will cause the major part of the imports to be wheat.

Members of the grain trade at Hamburg are inclined to doubt the delivery of even 96 million bushels by the producers, and regard the government's import program as a minimum likely to be exceeded. Unofficial estimates of wheat and rye imports to August, 1923, run up to 90 million bushels or higher. Recent attempts to reduce the number of bread-card holders are not believed to have been very effective and the government may also be obliged to accumulate additional stocks against emergencies. While the foregoing is opinion rather than fact, it seems clear that recurrent disturbances in German finance and the subordination of government purchases to political exigencies have rendered and will render the whole course of the Hamburg grain trade spasmodic and unpredictable. So long as the reparations question remains in its more bombastic phase, grain cargoes will doubtless be ordered by fits and starts rather than with deliberate business foresight.

The projected government grain purchases abroad for the crop year 1922-23 will cost in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. One hundred million dollars is of course a large sum of money even in international bookkeeping, and its expenditure cannot fail to increase the strain on Germany during the coming months. The effect on exchange will be to augment the forces tending toward further decline in the external value of the mark.

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However, it must be remembered that this is only one factor in the career of that ill-fated currency. Imports of raw materials, purchases of foreign currencies by German investors and business men, stop-loss sales of marks by foreign speculators: these are only some of the items which must be taken into account before definite statements about German exchange are essayed. Food imports alone, while important, are not decisive. Furthermore, it is a question whether the exchange débâcle itself, disastrous though it has been, has not had too much prominence in discussions of the German economic situation. Like the grain imports which are among its causes, the continuing depreciation of the mark should perhaps be regarded as but one element, though an extremely significant and disconcerting element, in a complicated series of economic movements not all of which are directed toward disaster.

The loaf itself, its composition and the sharing of its slices, are at all events among the most dramatic features of German life today. To the peasants the loaf and the grain quotas which make it up represent a species of taxation on behalf of the general population, in a year of short breadgrain crops. To the industrial workers they mean an unsatisfactorily small but assured daily ration at a price anchored against the torrent of paper marks. To the financier and manufacturer each cargo of foreign wheat forecasts a potential slump in exchange. To the Food Ministry and the Cabinet the problem is one of combining conciliation of the proletariat with propitiation of the peasants. Nobody is satisfied, but even that does not in this case prove that everything is splendid.

It is because nobody is satisfied with the loaf that the loaf has assumed proportions in dispute beyond its value in calories and pounds. That is why it is cut, portioned, sliced, weighed in scales against paper marks, measured, labelled with figures and percentages of costs, diagramed and charted—lithographed in colors to hang upon the wall.

JOHN LOWREY SIMPSON.

Battery Park: Sunday Afternoon

Under bluff bows the saucy tugboats hiss;
  Out Bedloe's Island way a siren drones. . .
What right have I to dream of Argolis,
  Here in the North, with Winter in my bones!
Steamers from ports immemorable churn
  Sour bilge and mud. I think such men as go
Down to the sea in cargo ships return
  Knowing much less of marvel than we know.

The skipper of the Sea Gull, taking toll
  Of many a dirty freighter limping in
From hard-fought battles, full of English coal—
  I can imagine how he'd spit and grin,
Hearing us idlers at our foolish tales
Of old, lost harbors and their purple sails!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Big Game in the Movies

THE most absorbing and satisfactory film we have ever seen is Hunting Big Game in Africa (at the Lyric Theatre). We have gone back over our trail, and, finding few superlatives lying across it, we repeat that these pictures of animals are simply not to be compared with the faked up adventures of bipeds. For a good long while now we don't want to see a human movie, nor anything on the screen remotely resembling a eucalyptus tree, an exclusive home, a beautiful daughter, a broken heart, a faithful dog, a cabaret scene, a tear, a curse, a revenge or an Alaskan sunset complete with snow and shoes for same.

So startlingly genuine are these pictures that they make even the best handmade human "realism" look like a cigar-store Indian. They show up mere human imagination as a poor feeble thing. Who could ever have imagined the at once comic and imposing spectacle of regiments of silly, decorative penguins, marching down the shore of a deserted South African island into the sea to bathe? It is easy to understand how poor old Father Maël made a mistake and baptized them. Individually grotesque and trivial, they are all together like a dramatization of human "mass-movements," in their thousands, their millions driven irresistibly forward, downward, into a sea which washes them back, or drowns them, or rocks them safely on its surface, in a unanimity which gives them dignity. There is no more solemn or more moving buffoonery than that of penguins on the march.

The penguins are apart from the rest of the film, which records animals surprised, chased, overtaken or killed in the long trek from Capetown through Bechuanaland and Zululand northward. The greater part of these animals are of that kind which an inexpert calls cattle when they are ugly and antelope when they are delicately formed. Thompson's gazelle is a shy, breakable little beast, infinitely swift, more like a shadow than an animal. At the other end of the scale is the Hartebeest, whose horns and ears together would make an uglier hatrack than is to be found in any boarding-house. There are all manner of quick-hooved, grass-eating, lion-fearing beasts in between. The gnu, when photographed very dark against the light grass of the plain, has queer lumps and curves, gargoylish disproportions and excrescences—the kind of animal, part cow, part dragon, which Herodotus loved to talk about but luckily never saw. Best of them all are the small herds of Impala, jumping thirty to forty feet over thorn trees.

Across the screen comes a herd of some species of these beasts, elegantly goatlike, rocking from north to south. They are tired, no longer swift and bounding. The reason soon appears: a small ridiculous Ford shoots into the picture. The herd veers as the Ford tacks in a cloud of dust, and the whole audience roars at something obviously but inexplicably ridiculous: a black toylike machine chasing ownerless animals up and down Africa's thousands of fenceless miles. We all roar even louder as the solitary wart-hog, pursued by the Ford, turns and rends its radiator. Perhaps we are glad that the wart-hog was allowed to live. But nobody is sorry at the death of the hyena. A mean, shapeless beast, loping wearily, woodenly, now like a cat, and now like a dog, a solitary, sinister, tired monster pounding along alone on the plain, the least likely animal of all to boast of a pedigree.

The King of Beasts comes off badly in this film. He is called the king of sneaks, a huge evil-faced cat who never attacks in the open, but slinks along on his belly until he

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is within springing distance. Here he is characteristically not in the open, but behind some low bushes over the top of which you see menacing eyes and a long back hovering undecidedly. The next minute he is dead and propped up on the ground like the harmless rug he will soon be. The rhinoceros, on the other hand, earns your respect. Not only on account of his size, or his 22-inch horn, but for a certain frankness and hearty intolerance. The thrill he gives you is almost prehistoric. We go back a good many thousand years when we see those two small black figures on the horizon, against the light grass. The grass waves, but those monsters, too powerful to seem ugly, are motionless—sentinels of disaster.

There are many extraordinarily well-composed pictures in the film, and this is one of them. Perhaps the finest of all, for its values of light and dark as well as its lines, is an oblique procession of laden camels at close range, against the background of one bare sun-baked rock. Most of the pictures, however, are more striking on account of the subject than the photography. One of the very strangest, yet far from a good photograph, is the expedition of the baboons to the watering hole. Perhaps the music heightened the effect of the halting, punctuated stride of these beasts, mistakenly walking on all their limbs. A long stride, as if alien to the ground it covered, the stride of neither biped nor quadruped, yet dignified, secure. One could form no picture of it unless by imagining the progress, on all fours, across volcanic slag, of graceful undertakers dressed in black poodle's fur. From the naked rocks at the water hole they plod slowly, mysteriously back into the recesses of a jungle as fascinatingly tangled as the jungle in the old pictures of Swiss Family Robinson.

I don't know much about animals. I don't even know what I like. But the giraffes will probably be the hardest of all to forget. The Ford chased them for days through the sparse high grass, scattered with those thin, flat-topped little trees which look as if they were turning their only two dimensions toward you; trees which might once have been trained by a Japanese, but are now a little ragged. Higher than the grass, ankle deep in the grass; higher than the trees, shoulder high to the trees, the giraffes are running slowly away. So slowly, with stiff legs, alert ears, and an infinitely weary undulation right in the middle of their necks. They are broadside now, and one can almost see their spots. Now the light changes, the plain is still a pale gray, but the giraffes are suddenly dark. Like a fleet of nightmares, the long, painfully bending and unbending necks soar above the trees. They are broadside to us still, pathetic, silent, tired, loping nightmares, but yet of this world. All at once they turn away from us down hill and we rake them fore and aft, beasts in a second become unbelievably thin and narrow, creatures all neck and legs rocking with awkward dignity down a hill that no longer belongs to this world. Queer dark cardboard cattle cantering on the plains of Mars.

How much more beautiful they can be than men, these animals, and how much uglier, and more tragic, and more absurd. How much stranger than anything of man's are the giraffes, and how much more terrible than man's terrors are the black ears of the African elephant fanning in anger above the branches of the jungle.

Less than ever are we interested in Hollywood, in California. Let's go out under the great African sky where a baboon is a baboon; into the great open spaces where a wart-hog can breathe.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Queen Elizabeth's Play

Will Shakespeare, by Clemence Dane. National Theatre. January 8, 1923.

MR. NORMAN-BEL GEDDES' setting for Will Shakespeare has somewhere between his studio and the theatre run into a mishap. As the scenes progress we get the curious impression that they were created by an artist of much invention and then lighted by a stagehand. One has only to look to see that the lighting used could not have been intended by the designer, who obviously would have spared himself the trouble of devising this remarkable variety of planes and structural lines if he could have known that his work would be half wasted in that wholesale, meaningless glare. In the scene backstage, for example, the glowing spot on the wall that the lantern throws, where Anne's mother will plead with Shakespeare to come to his dying son, where Marlowe and Mary Fitton will talk, and where later Shakespeare and Mary Fitton will be so passionately swept together, this glowing spot and its dramatic point is all lost in white light. The scene in Shakespeare's cottage is lit to the very top; its fire on the hearth, the day fading beyond the window, everything is lost in a paperish daylight proceeding from nowhere but drying up all. And so on, scene after scene, this electrical platitude proceeds. In cold blood one can see that Mr. Geddes' idea is striking and carefully searched, one can see the fine doors and recesses and subtle nuances of varied spaces; but over most of it the confusing and idle light spreads like a flock of geese turned on a garden. And so the performance, save where Miss Wright takes it in hand, is cheated of its mood.

In an odd sort of way this use of light on the production is a parallel to Miss Dane's use of the poetic style on the play.

Will Shakespeare is strictly an invention, Miss Dane is careful to remind us—not wholly the facts even as we know them. The story of the play is tepid, arbitrary and weak. Will Shakespeare on his farm at Stratford-on-Avon is married to a woman seven years his senior. He has never loved her but has been betrayed into marrying her by a lying tale of the coming of a child. Meanwhile we get the refrain, familiar in the weaker type of English poetry, of hedgerows, birds, spring and the may. Henslowe, quaint Elizabethan that he is—played with such conscientious quaintness by Mr. John Shine—comes by and entices Shakespeare with tales of the Queen and fame and fortune up to London. Shakespeare discovers his wife's trick and is free to rush away. Then we have London. The queen wants a great tragedy of this young poet. She sets her Mary Fitton to snare him and to rule his life into greater depths of creation. Romeo and Juliet is played. When the boy actor gets a fall Mary Fitton takes the part of Juliet. She rushes out into Shakespeare's arms. Afterward she forgets him again for her own light ways. She loves Marlowe. Shakespeare and Marlowe have a struggle in the Deptford Inn; Marlowe falls on his own dagger. Mary Fitton is banished to the country, the queen sets Shakespeare to work, for the glory of England.

There is moment after moment in this play where Miss Dane shows the same theatrical sense that she brought to her Bill of Divorcement last season in spite of that play's forced situations and frequent hollowness of dialogue. Some of the first scene, where the poet is drawn away from his old ties, has a good dramatic thrust to it. The

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scene backstage where Mary Fitton, shaken by the power of the lines she has said, is lifted to the poet's own passion, is brilliant theatrical motivation. And the whole idea of the last act, where the queen claims the great poet for England and her reign and shows him how her life and his are under the same magnificent and tragic necessity, is one of the finest inventions in modern drama anywhere. But through all these scenes—though far less in the last—the poetic babble goes on. You have a great artist driven to follow his destiny, you have a man's passion making him forget his art and his dying son, you have the torture of great creation laying hold of a great artist, you have in a word Miss Dane conjuring up situations that are terrible in their human implications, that draw on terrible depths and heights of the human soul. And you ask yourself how she can dare to venture on them without being sure that she will pay the price of them, jot by jot, in terrible depths and torture of her own imaginative soul, and in the last truth of words, emotions, dramatic revelation. But what happens is that one passage of her play is good perhaps, the next prettified, poetical, extraneous. At the wild moment when Shakespeare finds out her trick and reviles his wife for her deception, one of her condoning arguments runs thus, speaking of the little beasts in the field:

> What shall their pensioners
> Do now, the rustling mice, the anemones,
> The whisking squirrels, ivies, nightingales,
> The hermit bee—

sweet and zoological and good in a pageant written by an Oxford don, but for a dramatic moment beneath comment. Miss Dane, like most of the writers of our so-called modern poetic drama, tries to lard the play with poetic sauce. But dramatic poetry is not the dramatic situation poetically expressed; it is the dramatic expression of the poetic that lies in a situation. The glow and darkness and the revelation of the poetic meaning can come not from the obvious source of some method or style, but only from the depths and lines and spaces, from the mystery too, of the characters' actions and souls. Quite as the light on Mr. Geddes' settings dilutes and strips off their intention, Miss Dane's poetical additions too often weaken the effect of the play's actions and ideas.

And so Miss Lenihan in that first scene where she struggles against losing the man she loves, has a hard time. She is a young actress with sincerity; she secures her effect of the moment's intensity, its sick distress and insistence. But her work in the end leaves us not so much pleased as uncomfortable, partly because she is still young in her art and its blending of tones, and partly because of the dramatist's imposition of pretty twaddle on to the reality of the situation. To act the rôle of Shakespeare is naturally a trying venture. And the author makes the rôle more trying with her languors and sympathies and with her lady-novelist conceptions of a genius' sorrow and soul, and less attractive by creating a man who is not so much a part of a pressing and universal necessity of life as he is a hard egoist and moongazer. Mr. Otto Kruger is no worse than many another actor with no idea of what the whole thing meant would be. His eyes at least and their make-up look remarkably like the Droeshout portrait.

It is Miss Haidee Wright—in that last act, which is largely hers—who is the star and triumph of the piece.

This last act of Miss Dane's, wholesomely cut for this production, has a fine idea, an inspiration to use the Renaissance and the share that princes had then in the progress of great art. Now and again in this act the lines fall into pseudo-poetic messing, but much of the thought is really poetic in its passion and truth. But whether the lines are true or false, they are compelled by Miss Wright's art into an essential truth; they are by her force driven home to whatever source in truth they may have, however blurred and remote and superfluous the author has left them.

Miss Wright's qualities are, first, wit—a happy recognition of points as they arise—and then style—an unfailing personal distinction in the expression of her idea. She sits there looking like a Zucchero of the great queen and yet not like it either. She rather makes herself, her manner and her gown a recreation, fresh and in terms of her own art of acting, of Queen Elizabeth's portrait. She appears to give us not something imitative so much as a witty inspiration. With this comes—and partly due to the dramatist's ideas—a kind of gorgeousness of mind and humor that piques and astonishes and thrills us; and a mingling of Renaissance pride and caprice and intellectual audacity, and splendor of humanity, that lifts the scene out of itself into a great era. We are moved constantly by the breath of fine poetry that fills now and again her lines and always her delivery of them; our minds are exhilarated by that sense of exactitude and light that poetry conveys. And through this Miss Wright leads us into a deep pathos, at once poignant and lofty; and gives us a sense finally of what she is most bent on creating in the scene, the beauty, solitude and fatality of great natures.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Those Tax Dividends

SIR: The recent editorial in the New Republic, Those Stock Dividends, leaves one in some doubt both as to the effectiveness of the method of presentation and as to the conclusion reached by the writer.

If the theme of the editorial is really the best method of stopping alleged tax evasions through the issuing of stock dividends and not the wickedness of the financial world in general, the discussion of the advantage which the insider has over the outsider in purchasing stock just before a stock dividend is rather at random. The insider has the same advantage whether the dividend be stock or cash. His advantage has nothing to do with the tax laws. Similarly the fact that corporations juggle their depreciation and replacement accounts, if it be a fact, bears somewhat distantly upon the subject under discussion, as does also the intimation that the present Secretary of the Treasury owns the Gulf Oil Refining Company. The value, if any, of these observations seems to be wholly atmospheric.

The main statements of the editorial are: "Where then is the fraud on the revenue? Every dollar of earnings distributed in dividends is taxed twice. The corporation has paid one tax on it and the recipient pays an income tax besides. . . . Every dollar carried to surplus and later represented by a stock dividend is taxed only once. To this extent at least the revenue is defrauded."

Certainly neither of these statements is literally correct. The only taxpayer who pays taxes on dividends is an *individual* whose income is over $5,000. Even he pays no normal tax on dividends, but they are included in computing his surtax. Dividends paid to an individual whose income is less than $5,000 are not taxed at all. Dividends paid to a corporation are not taxed at all, no matter how large the income of the corporation (Revenue Act of 1921, Sections 211 a, 216 a and 234 a, 6).

Funds "carried to surplus and later represented by a stock dividend" are often taxed to the recipient of the stock dividend. If, for example, he gets a 100 percent stock dividend, this for purposes of taxation will cut in half the cost of each share of his

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stock, so if he sells his stock he will realize a taxable gain which will approximate the amount of the dividend. (Regulations 62, Article 1548.) By selling part of his stock he will realize a proportionate gain. The only way that an individual can escape this tax is to die before he sells any of his stock, certainly not an enjoyable way to defraud the revenue, and not a very profitable way either, in view of the estate tax. And it should be had in mind that on gains full taxes are paid by all taxpayers, individual or corporation. There is no exemption for purposes of the normal tax.

Let us suppose, however, for the sake of argument that the declaration of a stock dividend results in less revenue. This you feel is a fraud upon the Treasury and should be prevented by taxing all money reinvested in the business of a corporation at the rate of 25 percent, in addition to the tax of 12½ percent upon all corporate net income, and the taxes that will necessarily be paid by the stockholders when their stock is sold. The soundness and wisdom of the conclusion is not altogether apparent.

The evasion of taxes should, of course, be discouraged, and as you observe there is a provision in the law which taxes all money carried to surplus beyond the legitimate needs of the business as though it had been distributed to the stockholders. The difficulty of enforcing this provision is obvious. Who can say what are the legitimate needs of the business? The question raises philosophical queries which one would hesitate to leave to a department chief in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Would he or would he not have permitted Mr. Ford to finance the development of his own business and extend it to its present capacity? Any lawyer who has struggled with the rights of minority stockholders to have a dividend declared as against the directors' decision to reinvest the money knows that in the absence of actual fraud the difficulties are endless. It raises the deepest of economic questions. How much of the total product should be saved as capital and how much consumed?

It seems to me that your proposed remedy, a tax of 25 percent upon all profits carried to surplus, would simply throw all financing into the hands of the bankers. No corporation would pay 25 percent for funds if it could get them for less. It would distribute all its profits and then borrow if it could from the bankers to extend or develop its business. This might to a considerable degree increase the public revenue, but it would also increase the control of the financial groups—not altogether an unmixed blessing.

DEAN G. ACHESON.

Washington, D. C.

[The theme of the editorial, as its title indicated, was what, if anything, was wrong with the stock dividends? One thing frequently charged against the practice is that the power of directors to sit on the lid and keep down dividends until they see fit to transmute into stock dividends the surplus thus accumulated may work to the advantage of the insider. We expressed the opinion that it might, and our correspondent says nothing to disabuse us of our error, if we are wrong. To be sure, if the accumulation went on just the same until a hundred percent cash dividend could be declared, the advantage to the insider would be as great or greater. It is the fact of accumulation, not the form of distribution, which is in question.

We regret that our too brief statement of the rule of taxation should have caused confusion. Everybody, we suppose, knows that it is only with respect to the dividends entering into incomes paying supertax that the question of evasion arises. And the formula we proposed was not a tax of 25 percent, but whatever rate might correspond with the average tax on the incomes into which the dividends would enter, if the sums carried to surplus were distributed. This could be ascertained approximately by consulting the records on the income tax in the possession of the Treasury Department. That would simply put the Treasury where it would be if all corporation profits were distributed. Without such a tax the policy of surplus accumulation robs the revenue, we asserted, and repeat the assertion. As for the possibility that the Treasury might recover the losses when the beneficiary of a stock dividend sold his stock, why should he sell the stock? We do not see the pathos of the situation of the man who has to die before he sells his stock in order to escape the tax. He has his choice of living, and drawing dividends on the stock as long as he does so.

We explicitly rejected the plan of prohibiting the accumulation of surplus for reinvestment. Discretion in this matter may be abused, but we were agreed in advance with our critic as to the difficulty and danger of public interference with the directors' policy in this matter. But we see no good reason why the government should place a premium on the policy of accumulation by giving relief from taxation. Our critic thinks that to tax profits set aside as surplus at the same rate as profits distributed in dividends would effectually put an end to surplus accumulation. Thus it appears that he imputes great efficacy to the tax dodging motive—greater efficacy, in fact than we impute to it. For we think that with taxes equal in either case, directors would vote funds for distribution or for surplus according to the purely economic merits of the case.—The Editors.]

SIR: Your editorial of December 20th, entitled Those Stock Dividends, seems to entirely overlook two important facts.

First: These stock dividends represent values from the accumulated surplus over and above that needed for legitimate expansion of business; they are increases of capitalization made possible by excessive profits. Then they are prima facie evidence of extortionate profits wrung from the consumers.

Second: Inasmuch as the former capital stock could accumulate such exorbitant surpluses, the present greatly expanded stock can reasonably pay customary dividends if the corporation income continues at the same rate. Certainly recipients of the stock dividends confidently expect their income to be increased in due ratio; and they have good and ample reason for this confidence. In the meanwhile the consumer will continue to pay prices which represent normal profits, plus excessive profits, plus normal profits on excessive profits. And the Mirrors of Commercialism reflect bland images; newspaper publishers print reams of boilerplate apologetics; courts ponderously affirm that two and two make two; and all is serene.

A. D. BUSH.

University of North Dakota,
Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Help for German Authors

SIR: Permit me to suggest that those American authors who desire to aid their German colleagues might do well, instead of trying to discover and relieve the needs of individuals, to send their contributions to Dr. Arthur Eloesser, secretary of the Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller, Schöneberger Ufer 25, Berlin W. 35. This Schutzverband includes practically all German authors of any position. Among its members are some old men who are in serious distress. Dr. Eloesser may be trusted to expend whatever funds are sent to him to good effect. He can cash American checks in Berlin.

H. L. MENCKEN.

Baltimore, Maryland.

The Spoils of Victory

SIR: In estimating how far the Allies may be expected to repay the money we advanced them to enable them to prosecute the war to a successful finish, is it allowable to take into account the substantial material gains that came to them as the result of victory? I refer particularly to acquisitions of territory; for example, the German colonies taken by Great Britain, Alsace Lorraine by France, a part of the Tyrol by Italy, stretches to the east and west of it by Rumania, so that it is twice (or more) as large as before. These powers would have had to pay well for these extensions (if they could have got them at all) in times of peace—they were spoils of victory. Moreover we got practically nothing; substantially all the gains of this sort were left to the Allies—so that to speak of a "common cause" is to this extent misleading.

Would it not be a matter of interest to your readers, if you would present a brief tabulated statement of what each of the Allies has gained in this way (not excluding other material gains if they occur to you)—comprising the extent of territory, the size of the population, its wealth, and indicating roughly, if at all possible, what sums of money might have been necessary, if peaceful transfers had been made?

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Washington, D. C.

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Let France Explain

Let France Explain, by Frederick Bausman. London: George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE opinion that Germany was solely responsible for the late war has been in need of some revision since Berlin, Vienna and Moscow began publishing the secret documents of the old governments. In the handling of this voluminous new material infinite caution and great restraint are necessary, nor must we forget what we already know. To rewrite the history of the decade before 1914 requires, as it were, parallel columns in which may be set down both the new evidence in favor of and the old charges against Germany. Unfortunately this is not the way of many recent writers who, disconcerted by revelations damaging to the thesis of Allied innocence, are almost ready to give Germany a clean bill, and this is certainly the case with Judge Bausman, who has drawn an indictment of France so savage—and in part so inaccurate—that it will repel as many as it may convert.

He argues that the corrupt and cruel government of the Tsars had determined upon the extinction of Austria-Hungary and had been making the necessary military preparations for years, a program possible only because "France deliberately and continually armed Russia and encouraged her aggressiveness against Germany." Such a policy was the more reprehensible because "in the twenty-one years that preceded the [Franco-Russian] alliance not one provocation had been given France by Germany," any more than after 1904 was there "one instance in which the Berlin government behaved itself in a way provocative of war with France." Rather Delcassé in his Moroccan policy was intentionally insulting to Germany, Poincaré was hand in glove with the plotters Izvolsky and Sazonov, the French general staff waxed confident, and in 1914 when "it was the duty of France to warn Russia that she would not follow her in a war about the Balkans," when "a single telegram from the French government would have prevented the war," Poincaré and Viviani deliberately gave assurances of support without which Russia would never have moved.

Germany, indeed, had lived in "fear of Russia" since the Berlin Congress. The Dual Alliance caused "anxiety at every fireside in Germany," who, therefore, could only arm, and arm relentlessly. Even so, she was the "least prepared" of the belligerents. General Buat admits that the French army in 1914 numbered 910,000 men, as opposed to Germany's 870,000; General Sukhomlinov declared in 1914 that Russia was "ready." What could Germany do but support her Austrian ally at all costs? For Austria, the Serbian question was "vital": Serbia was like "a black republic in Mexico filling our Southern States with literature by every mail intended to rouse the blacks of the United States to a union with Mexico." The Serbs, in short, "who were among the most infamous people in Europe," had created a situation "probably unparalleled in the history of modern nations," and richly deserved the punishment proposed in the Austrian ultimatum.

All this reads like German propaganda, and Mr. Bausman does well to state that "no German suggested this book" or "ever saw the written page." But it is written in the spirit of propaganda, in spite of the documentary evidence adduced to support many of the contentions. Mr. Bausman has been so astonished and disgusted by his researches that his indignation has overtoppled his balance. No doubt Poincaré was too prodigal with promises of support; Izvolsky's complacent accounts of buying up the Parisian press are repulsive; his letters prove how powerful were the French chauvinists and the Russian militarists. But it is too lightly assumed that because Entente statesmen talked of war and prepared for war, they were bent on starting it. Actually, passages could be quoted from the documents to show the contrary, that their attitude was essentially defensive. It may be granted, however, that France and Russia had decided to fight rather than continue making concessions to the Central powers as they did in the Balkan crisis of 1912-1913.

In Mr. Bausman's eyes, such a resolution was monstrous because "never had the Central powers acknowledged a sphere of Russian influence in the Balkans," where Russia did not possess "even a historic mission." He forgets, if indeed he is aware of, the language of the Russo-German treaty of 1887: "Germany recognizes the rights historically acquired by Russia in the Balkan peninsula"; or the Austro-Russian agreement of 1897 which mentions "the vital interests of the two Empires" and states that "it would be easy to reconcile them." Mr. Bausman's charges about Hartwig's intrigues in Serbia are probably true. But were the Austrians innocent lambs? The murders of 1903 "have almost always been laid to Russian intrigue": the Austrians seem to have known what was coming. "The world has little conception of the extent to which Austria was tormented by this bitter little kingdom of Serbia": but it has much knowledge of "pig wars," of documents forged with the purpose of incriminating the "bitter little kingdom," of the dastardly plot of 1912 to represent as injured by the Serbians an Austrian consul who deserted his post, of that long persecution of Croatia and Bosnia which nourished the Serbian propaganda—all ignored by our author. Nor does he mention that Aerenthal and not Izvolsky broke the agreement of 1897 or that Russia showed scant interest in Serbia till Aerenthal tricked Izvolsky (as his biographers boast) about the annexation of Bosnia. The truth is that both powers were playing a desperate game, with Serbia and Bulgaria as willing tools; that if Russia wished to dismember Austria, Austria was hoping to detach the Ukraine; that Germany, to promote her Turkish plans, consented to be drawn into the Austrian wake; and that France played politics in her loans to the Balkan states. None of these powers had clean hands, and the picture of an Austria desiring only to save herself from a Russo-Serbian conspiracy is decidedly naïve.

Inadequate also is the account of the Franco-German war of 1870, which does not mention Bismarck's intrigues in Spain to promote the Hohenzollern candidacy, and justifies the Ems telegram. The war scare of 1875 is dismissed as "a burst of Bismarck's anger against what he deemed the machinations of the French politicians"; the Schnaebele incident of 1887 is not mentioned. Morocco is handled with the arguments of the prejudiced E. D. Morel; hence silence, perhaps ignorance, about the intrigues of Holstein, the éminence grise of the Wilhelmstrasse, to provoke France into war, or the offer of Rouvier, the French premier, of a wide economic and political collaboration with Germany, which Bülow refused to consider. Was French policy in Morocco any worst than Germany's conduct in China or Austria's enterprises in Albania? Mr. Bausman gives himself away when he writes: "It is impossible to discover in any German act a greater

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hostility towards France than was displayed towards Holland or Denmark." Was it not the latter country which the Kaiser, in a telegram to the Tsar in 1905, serenely proposed to occupy? But then the author "finds no reason for censure" in the Treaty of Bjorkoe, although just why that amiable arrangement for the isolation of England should secure his approval while the Franco-Russian alliance gets repeatedly denounced as a wicked device "unnecessary to the safety of France," is far from clear.

Anent the "twelve days," Mr. Bausman admits and condemns the German blank check to Austria, but does so half-heartedly, and concentrates on the Russian mobilization, accepting the German plea that it made war inevitable, etc. Well, Count Julius Andrássy has recorded that probably "the Russian high command feared an attack from [the Austrian] side," and admits that "there was much in our attitude which might justify the belief that we desired the world war."

It is very desirable that certain aggressive and dangerous features of French and Russian policy should be exposed, and Mr. Bausman's sincerity is evident. But a book which does not mention Pan-Germanism, which talks constantly of "martial" France but does not recognize Germany's ultimate responsibility for the system of conscript armies, and which can see nothing harmful in the Kaiser except his speeches, can hardly be taken as the last word upon the most controversial question engaging the attention of historians.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

William Dean Howells

William Dean Howells: A Critical Study, by Delmar Gross Cooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.00.

ONE gets from the opening pages of Mr. Cooke's critical study that he was determined to "sell" Mr. Howells to the American public—that he believed the better the wine the bigger the bush should be. He assaults his "prospect" with an opening broadside that ought to reduce him in short order to a docile acceptance of the pencil and a signed subscription on the dotted line. If this were the be-all and end-all of Mr. Cooke's method there would be nothing to do but put the book aside and wait till an adequate one were written on the subject of Howells and his art; but that is not the fact. It is a genuine critical study; in acknowledgment of which the discriminating reader rescans the opening pages, finds there is a real point in them, and throughout the rest of the book discounts the "vast," "amazing," "enormous," "triumphant," "staggering," "prodigious" adjectives with which its whole course is besprinkled.

After the opening chapter on The Man, which is a characterization drawn from the autobiographical works, the study proceeds to His Conception of Criticism. As a creative artist he disparaged criticism on the ground that it was uncreative, decried it because it was sometimes dishonest and sometimes—most of the time—"superstitious"; but he disproved his own strictures, for the value of his commentaries on the art of fiction "is happily out of all proportion to the merits of his theory," so that "while he habitually construed the critical process as an occupation with books, his practice was habitually concerned with the life recorded in books."

The chapter on His Ideals of Literature inevitably parallels the one on Criticism, but throws some light on his dilemma between a conviction that the realist should identify beauty with truth and desire to justify Victorian standards of "decency." It may have disturbed him that this decency was alien to continental literature, but he did not in so many words admit the fact. Though he did not adopt the formula by which he would have turned himself to scorn, he actually adopted the idea that "decent" literature should never "cause the blush of shame to rise upon the maiden's cheek." Anglo-Saxon literature should be eligible for publication in the magazines, and magazines fall into the hands of the young ladies. Ergo. . . . It is the weakest point in Howells's thesis. His own instinctive reticence was an amiable inconsistency that needed no defence. His desire, though a champion of realism, to impose it upon others was an inconsistency that could not be convincingly defended. Mr. Cooke failed to cite in this connection the novelist's illuminating comment on Mark Twain's letters "in which he loosed his bold fancy to stoop on rank suggestion," and which the overnice recipient "was always hiding in discreet holes and corners. . . . I could not quite bear to burn them, and I could not, after the first reading, quite bear to look at them."

The first of the two chapters explicitly on the novels—Transcripts of Life—offers full chance for Mr. Cooke's enthusiasm as a technician. In 70 pages, at somewhat tedious length, there is given a running commentary, book by book, of a less and less distinguishable succession of stories. The point is implicit in the chapter, though it appears only casually, hither and yon. It is the degree to which in the transcripts of life—which were written chiefly before Tolstoy led him to "set art forever below humanity"—Mr. Howells was too consciously an apologist for a literary thesis in his story-telling.

> This curious literary self-consciousness, I am sorry to say, is not a sporadic manifestation in Howells's art, oddly as it consorts with an art so fine (p. 197). The result in his work is that, not content to record life as he sees it, he must needs record it as others, inclusively branded as romanticists, do not see it. Most of the flaws are left by a talent that overleaps itself in an excess of zeal (p. 215).

A chapter built around these and other related propositions might have been half as long and twice as effective. The parenthetical—and probably all unconscious—"I am sorry to say" is suggestive of Mr. Cooke's inclination to temper the critical wind; but Mr. Howells, in his critic's own estimate, is no shorn lamb, and could stand the blast without shivering, or being shivered.

Again in the final chapter, His Studies in Ethics, Mr. Cooke falls short of defining the point though he does not miss it. Even the novelist's own extravagant tribute to the influence of Tolstoy does not bring home the fact that his later attitude toward life and art was completely reversed from his earlier one. "I came . . . to the knowledge of myself in ways I had not dreamt of before, and began at last to discern my relations to the race." To Mr. Cooke, Howells was very much the same man in 1900 that he was in 1880. As a matter of fact and record, he added to his old power to portray the individual in his mental and emotional and spiritual experiences a criticism of the rôle the individual played in society. He added a new consciousness of the institutions of which the individual was always the creator,

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sometimes the beneficiary, and all too often the victim. His maturity as a man and as a writer secured him in his human and artistic balance, and in this degree distinguishes him from the younger authors who have written with the same convictions and purposes. In his earlier and later periods he fully exemplified the Art and the Argument which Mr. Van Doren has resorted to for a grouping of contemporary American novelists. Mr. Cooke knows all this, of course. For some reason—I am inclined to believe because of his preoccupation with art—he has chosen not to emphasize his subject's preoccupation with argument. Possibly it was another point which he would have been "sorry" to concede. The strength of this study is in the acumen of not a few judgments throughout it. Its weakness is in its lack of detachment and the frequency with which an analytical interest in the art of fiction is outweighed by enthusiasm for Mr. Howells. After all, for connoisseurs, a good wine still needs no bush.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Three Books on Education

A History of The Perse School, by J. M. Gray. Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes.

Ideals, Aims and Methods in Education. New York: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. $1.00.

The Unseen Side of Child Life, by Elizabeth Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE Perse School has been preparing boys for college for the past four hundred years. The school was opened in 1618 on a foundation left by a famous doctor of the time, Stephen Perse. He left the fortune made from the practice of his profession for various local charities, for fellowships in Caius College and for "a convenient house to be used for a Grammar Free School, with one lodging chamber for the Master and another for the Usher."

Mr. Gray, an alumnus of the present Perse School, gives the history of the school in considerable detail in his book. Its writing has evidently been a labor of love. This gives a certain charm to what otherwise might be a rather prosy listing of the long succession of Masters and Ushers and of the misdeeds of the trustees of the school. In spite of the fact that the latter were fellows of Caius College, they appear for long periods in a most untrustworthy light. As the school's real estate increased in value they paid more and more of the income into their own pockets and left the Masters and Ushers to struggle along on the original £ 40 and £ 20 salaries specified in Dr. Perse's will. Finally, under the softening influences of the Victorian era, when the school had practically ceased to exist, their consciences were roused. The school was reformed. New buildings were built and scholars enrolled. Science, mathematics and English were added to the study of Latin and Greek, which had been the sole subjects before.

The reforms started at this time have kept up, until today the Perse School is one of the best known modern schools in England. There are all the usual outward signs of progress—an athletic field, modern buildings, a school magazine and numerous school organizations. The most interesting of these from the educational standpoint is the Perse Players. Besides staging the usual school classics, this society has produced a number of plays written by its members. The school still maintains the classic tradition and emphasizes language study. French, German, Latin and Greek are all taught by the direct method; apparently with excellent results.

Unfortunately the final chapter of Mr. Gray's book covers the last fifty years of the school's history, and the reader gets only hints of what has been accomplished. But the headmaster of the school, Dr. Rouse, and the English teacher, Dr. Caldwell, are already well known in this country for their work in experimental education. The Perse School can teach educators in this country a real lesson. It has preserved all the dignity and charm of centuries of tradition and background without sacrificing the children to an outworn curriculum. Here we find it nearly impossible to modernize an established private school. If we wish a thorough-going reorganization we must start a new school.

Another and quite different educational book from England is Ideals, Aims and Methods in Education. It is made up of twenty-one short papers by as many different authors. Unlike the other book it is not written for the layman. Its one hundred and nine pages present a fairly complete outline of the philosophy underlying the modern educational movement. The reader practiced in pedagogical discussions can detect differences of opinion among the authors. But there is no repetition. Starting from the premise that education should be a process of growth, the book progresses to the concrete until it ends with a page and a half on the art of questioning in the class room. It is an excellent condensed encyclopaedia of the current concepts of the best practices in education—a handy reference book for the serious student and the exact thinker. It is not a book likely to give much comfort to the sentimental delver into the souls of children, nor to the teacher who likes to lean on authority and adopt systems. The papers are all taken from the publishers' Encyclopaedia and Dictionary of Education, and the book is useful chiefly as a specialist's handbook.

A third and more popular aspect of education is presented in The Unseen Side of Child Life, by Elizabeth Harrison. This little book about children is written with the authority of one who has pioneered for many years in kindergarten education. Miss Harrison was one of the first teachers to work for the spread of Froebel's theories and practices in this country. Her efforts have contributed largely to the opening of schools for children under six years of age. She is known best today for her work in training and inspiring young women to become teachers in Froebelian kindergartens.

The book is written in a popular and non-scientific style "for the guardians of young children." It should prove valuable to young mothers who are sensitive enough to feel that a child's future depends upon the way he is treated by the adults with whom he must live. It will not be so warmly received by the very modern young mother who has progressed through Montessori to psycho-analysis and mental tests. But under Miss Harrison's somewhat mystic and sentimental terminology there is real common sense and understanding of children. The book treats of the ever difficult problem of teaching self-discipline to the young. In spite of its wrappings of sweetness and light the book makes its point clearly—that coercion is almost never real discipline. The exertion of superior force is too likely to build up antagonisms and resistances in children which stand in the way of their getting a true understanding of their environment and their relations to other people. Real training comes only through recognizing that even young babies have personalities, interests and abilities. The rôle

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of the mother or teacher is to discover these capacities and give them scope, directing them into channels that make adjustment possible. When this is done, inhibiting wrong impulses and establishing good habits becomes a comparatively simple matter with the normal child. One wishes that Miss Harrison were more explicitly aware of the place of intelligence and science in accomplishing this. We know that too much love may be as harmful to children as too little. However, her illustrations are so simple and show so much good sense in the handling of children that her fundamental message may get over in spite of the tone of the book.

EVELYN DEWEY.

Adelaide Crapsey's Poems

Verse, by Adelaide Crapsey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

IT is too bad that in the new edition of Adelaide Crapsey's poems three cinquains and four other poems are added to those which she selected so exactingly and impersonally for the first edition, published soon after her death in 1914. Is it quite fair to her austerity, her relentless pruning for perfection, to tamper with her strict and yet abundant legacy which is, in all probability, not for our time only? Even though it would have meant the keeping back of that cinquain, "For Lucas Cranach's *Eve,*" as coolly rounded and personally revelatory, although not so fatal in its thrust, as her best, I think the first collection should have stood. Adelaide Crapsey's idea of her book was a more precious and enduring thing, a deeper trust for us to hold and pass along, than these seven added poems; and it is her idea of the book, and not the book itself, which has been hurt.

It is not my thought, but that of someone who once said that I might use it for my own, that, as in The Lonely Death she prepared her body for its death, so she prepared her poems for the world—her discriminating and highly differentiated spirit being the candles which she left alight; her exquisite restraint of style, her exclusion of all second-best, the invention of a form entirely hers, being her careful closing of the shutters of that room so that only such restricted, patterned, and suggested yellow light as was her wish might penetrate into the next day's dawn. The shutters have now been opened a very little wider.

Thirteen years ago, when I was a freshman, I used to see Adelaide Crapsey, a little new English teacher, on the campus, a small figure all in gray—gray shoes, gray dresses, gray capes, nothing but gray she wore—walking very softly and quickly. Her arms would be full of books; her smooth head, often hatless, always a little bent; her brown hair heavy on her neck; and her little soft gray shoes moving so quietly, so quickly, so lightly! I have never seen any feet but hers which were really like those mouselike ones about which Sir John Suckling wrote. Once I talked to her, when I went to the white house set back queerly around the corner of another house, through a gate and up a steep staircase, to get criticism on a yearly theme. Suddenly from the faraway place where she always seemed to be, she came back for a moment, her eyes looking up at me with an intense and searching interest.

"How did you happen to write about Charlotte Brontë?" she asked. And then her eyes forgot me and the paper in her hands and looked farther than the white wall of the small, square room—onto the gray moor, perhaps, where that other woman had walked, alone. I think she also had a moor, "with a name of its own,"—some gray moor of the spirit where she also walked alone.

We didn't know then that she wrote poetry; if we had known we might only have thought it rather odd. At that time, it is strange to think now, the cinquains, which came from 1911 to 1913, had not yet been born. As she walked about the campus, her brown head down, that lovely form was growing in her mind—growing more insistent, more inevitable. Something new was coming into consciousness. When the book came out in 1915, she herself had died; and its beauty, its unique perfection, its considered and almost brutal poignancy, its unusual bravery of speech concerning death, moved especially those who had known or seen her. Not only the coincidence with fact of poems like the cinquain, Fate Defied.

> As it
> Were tissue of silver
> I'll wear, O fate, thy gray,
> And go mistily radiant, clad
> Like the moon,

gave one pause. It was the cinquain itself, the form which she originated, which was particularly moving—from likeness to her own abbreviated, but perfected life. The five lines, one-stress, two-stress, three-stress, four-stress, and then caught back suddenly again to one-stress, were her life, her young, joyful life, broadening and straining—and then, with a faint gasp of terror at the unfulfillment of promises which life and love and art had made, but still undaunted, caught back again to one. Read that early poem ending

> This is my time for me.
> I too am young;
> I too am all of love!

and then the cinquain, November Night:

> Listen . . .
> With faint dry sound,
> Like steps of passing ghosts,
> The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees
> And fall.

More people are going to know the book, now that it has been recovered from its privately printed and out-of-print days; it has taken its second step toward the future. It has beauty and originality and anguish and restraint which will not easily be killed. And few poets have left, as this one has done, the very outline of their lives stamped into a form which they have made.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

The Fiery Furnace

Steel: The Diary of a Furnace Worker, by Charles Rumford Walker. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.75.

LET it first be stated that this book is a most readable affair and brief. It will provide a well-spent evening; we suggest, however, that the conventional fireside be omitted, for the author's glowing record of his contacts with molten metal and fierce furnaces makes warm reading even for a zero night. It is one of those personal narratives,

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The eight-hour shift is eventually coming in steel in even the largest companies. Already adopted in some of the smaller companies, it is recommended for all by the Engineering Societies Committee, and there is even the Gary Committee now investigating the matter. It will of course come the more rapidly if there is public pressure demanding it. But the public has a long way to go from the strike days when it allowed the fundamental facts of overwork and underpay to be camouflaged by the cry of revolution. Perhaps slim books like this one will help it along the way. It would be very easy to quote sensational bits that will make their mark on even an insensitive social conscience, but the worker's own phrase, "To hell with the money—no can live," furnishes the most pointed summary possible.

LOIS G. SUTHERLAND SPEAR.

Contributors

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